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## JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*Memoirs of the Life and Times of Sir Christopher Hatton, K.G. Vice-Chamberlain and Lord Chancellor to Queen Elizabeth. Including his Correspondence with the Queen, and other distinguished persons.* By Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, G.C.M.G.

THIS Biography, in its present form at least, was provoked by Lord CAMPBELL's somewhat deprecatory memoirs of Sir C. HATTON, in his *Lives of the Chancellors*. We say in its present form, because originally Sir HARRIS NICOLAS had undertaken a task of less labour, the history of which may thus be stated.

In the British Museum there is a manuscript purchased from the collection of the late Mr. UPCOTT, called the "Booke of Letters received by Sir Christopher Hatton, Vice-Chamberlain to the Queene's Majestie, from sundry Parsons, and procured by him to be written in this same Booke." How Mr. UPCOTT obtained "this same Booke" is not known, but the best authorities admit its authenticity, founding their judgment upon internal evidence. A considerable portion of the epistles are by Mr. SAMUEL COX, Sir CHRISTOPHER's secretary, and the editor thence concludes that the book was made by him. The earliest of the letters is dated in 1573, and the series extends to 1587. The subjects are of course very various, public and private, political and religious; some are curious, others altogether uninteresting.

It seems that this "Booke" was placed in the hands of Sir HARRIS NICOLAS for the purpose of being by his practised pen properly edited, and illustrated by explanatory notes. But while the work was in progress appeared Lord CAMPBELL's carping memoir of the Chancellor of Terpischoorean memory, advancing certain statements that were contradicted by the "Booke," and by the researches of Sir HARRIS in the progress of his editorial duties, together with divers insinuations that were not deserved. Thereupon Sir HARRIS, like a gallant editor, felt himself in honour bound to come to the rescue of his hero's fame. But the work grew under his hands, and it was found at last to be the better course to mould the "Booke" and its illustrations, with the defensive facts and arguments, into a regular memoir, and thence the volume before us.

Its origin is doubtless the cause of its defects, which are patent. The memoir was an afterthought,

and it would appear as if, instead of re-setting the whole of his materials, the biographer had taken those previously prepared, and thrown them in, neck and crop, without expurgation or arrangement, and, giving to them a head and a tail, had deemed his duty done and his memoir completed. But the effect is disagreeable. We have now neither a good biography nor a pleasant letter book. In the latter we look for rambling and disorder and some stupidity mixed with the amusement. In the former we expect selection, we demand such correspondence only as advances the history and properly belongs to it. The neglect of this consideration has much marred the value of the present memoir. On the whole it is a dull book, which it need not have been, and will not attain the popularity that its title is calculated to attract. Even the literary journalist will not be tempted to dwell upon its pages, but will dismiss them in fewer columns than he is wont to devote to so attractive a department of literature as biography.

The salient points in the career of Sir CHRISTOPHER HATTON may be briefly stated. His ancestors were respectable, but nothing particular is recorded of them. He was born in 1540, a third son, but both his elder brothers dying he came to inherit the family estate. He went to Oxford, and in 1560 entered at the Middle Temple. In the following year he is recorded to have taken a part in one of the masques in which the Templars delighted, and it was his performance in that character that first attracted to him the attention of the Queen. In 1564 he received the appointment of Gentleman Pensioner. His rise from that time was rapid. He soon became a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, which was followed by divers marks of royal favour in the substantial form of grants of land, patents, and profits. He was elected to the House of Commons in 1571. In 1572 he was promoted to be Captain of the Guard. In 1577 he was knighted and made Vice-Chamberlain and a Privy Councillor, accompanied by further grants of land. In 1586 he was in the commission appointed to try the conspirators in the Babington plot, and afterwards in the more important trial of MARY, Queen of Scots. He was made Chancellor in 1587, and he died in 1591.

Probably a large portion of our readers will remember Lord CAMPBELL's deprecatory notice. *Audi alteram partem*. This is Sir HARRIS NICOLAS's

## CHARACTER OF HATTON.

So far from being a vain, idle "scapegrace," with few acquirements and less talents, and the mere ornament of a court, Hatton took a prominent part in all state affairs; and his opinion on public transactions received great consideration from Lord Burghley, Leicester, Walsingham, and all the other ministers. He was for many years what is now termed the leader in the House of Commons; and if he did not adorn the woolsack, to which he was unexpectedly raised, by great legal learning, he had the modesty and good sense to consult eminent lawyers in cases of magnitude, and obtained the respect of the public by the equity and impartiality of his decisions. Unlike that of many great legal luminaries of his age, his own conduct was pure with respect to bribes; and long before he was made chancellor he dismissed his old secretary because he had taken some small fees from persons who had solicited his master's favour. Sir Christopher Hatton was the constant resource of the unfortunate, knowing on such occasions no distinction of religion; "in whose cause," he nobly said, "neither searing nor cutting was to be used." He was the frequent intercessor in cases of persecution; the patron, and, better still, the friend of literary men, who repaid his kindness by the only means in their power, thanks—"the exchequer of the poor,"—in the dedications of their works. All that is known of Hatton proves that his heart and disposition were amiable, his temper mild, and his judgment less biased by the prejudices of his age, than most of his contemporaries.

The most interesting part of the correspondence is undoubtedly that of the *Virgin Queen*. The conclu-

sion to be drawn from the letters will go far to place the right to this epithet among "historic doubts." Of them Sir HARRIS NICOLAS remarks :—

Many of these letters (adds the editor), as might be expected, throw much new light upon the history of the times, as well as on the characters and conduct of the writers themselves. But the letters to which the greatest interest attaches are from Hatton to the queen, which have hitherto entirely escaped observation, and which certainly breathe the devotion and tenderness of a lover rather than the humility and duty of a subject. These documents, and some others in this collection, will probably raise a strong doubt upon her Majesty's right to her favourite and well-known designation.

This royal correspondence commences in 1572, HATTON being then thirty-two years old, and ends with his death, produced by vexation at the Queen's demanding a large debt which she asserted that he owed her. Of the sort of liberalities that had previously prevailed, the following will convey some idea :—

In 1572 he presented his royal mistress, apparently for the first time, with a new-year's gift, consisting of a jewel of pizands of gold adorned with rubies and diamonds, and flowers set with rubies, with one pearl pendant, and another at the top. From this time Hatton, like the rest of the court, never failed to make a similar offering to the queen on New Year's Day, obtaining in return silver-gilt plate; and it is deserving of remark, that while the largest quantity of plate ever given, even to the highest personage, never exceeded two hundred, and was seldom more than fifty ounces, Hatton always received four hundred ounces on those occasions. Between February and July 1572, grants were made to him of woods in Herefordshire, of the manor of Frampton in Dorsetshire, of the reversion of the house of the monastery de Pratis in Leicestershire, of the stewardship of the manor in Wendlingborough in Northamptonshire, and of the wardship of two more minors. Though Hatton had then been at least eight years attached to the court, his name has not been found in any correspondence of the period; and his career seems to have been marked only by the extraordinary favour and liberal bounty of the queen. That his position rendered him an object of envy cannot be doubted; but he seems to have made more friends and fewer enemies than any other royal favourite.

It would appear that the Queen's reputation did not escape the keen eyes of contemporaries, and bold libellers were found publicly to impugn it.

Though large beneficial grants had been made to Hatton, no important office, nor any honour—for he was not even knighted until five years after this period—had been conferred upon him; yet the queen's regard for him was so notorious, that he was considered to rival the Earl of Leicester in her favour, and scandal was equally rife with respect to them both. The earliest allusion that has been found to these injurious reports shews how prevalent they must have been. In August 1570 several persons were tried, and some executed, at Norwich, for treasonable speeches and designs. "They had set out four proclamations: one was touching the wantonness of the court;" and one of the conspirators called Marsham, having said that "my Lord of Leicester had two children by the queen," was sentenced to lose both his ears, or pay a fine of one hundred pounds. Among the traitorous speeches of a person called Mather, in 1571, according to Berney's written confession to Lord Leicester, was, that the queen "desireth nothing but to feed her own lewd fantasy, and to cut off such of her nobility as were not perfumed and court-like to please her delicate eye; and place such as were for her turn, meaning dancers, and meaning you, my Lord of Leicester, and one Mr. Hatton, whom, he said, had more recourse unto her majesty in her privy chamber than reason would suffer if she were so virtuous and well-inclined as some noiseth her: with other such vile words as I am ashamed to speak, much more to write." In a letter from Archbishop Parker to Lord Burghley, in September 1572, he says he was credibly informed that some man had, in his examination by the Mayor of Dover and Mr. Sommers, uttered "most shameful words against her" (the queen); namely, that the Earl of Leicester and Mr. Hatton should be such towards her as the matter is

so horrible that they would not write down the words, but would have uttered them in speech to your lordship if ye could have been at leisure." But there were far more distinguished and more virulent calumniators of the queen than these obscure people."

Some extraordinary disclosures are also revealed in a letter from DYER, which, with the editor's introduction, we present entire.

Cardinal Allen, in his "Admonition to the Nobility and People of England and Ireland," in 1588, charges her, in the coarsest terms, with having intrigued with Leicester and "with divers others," and speaks of her "unlawful, long-concealed, or fained issue." To these facts may be added, that the notoriety of Elizabeth's incontinence was alleged by the Duke of Anjou as his reason for refusing to marry her; and that one of Lord Burghley's objections to her marrying Leicester was, that "it would be thought that the slanderous speeches of the earl with the queen have been true." Extraordinary evidence on this delicate subject is afforded by the following letter to Hatton, from his friend Edward Dyer, written a few weeks after the before-mentioned examination at Dover, and by the still more remarkable letters from Hatton to the queen, which will be afterwards given. The letter from Dyer proves that whatever may have been the nature of Elizabeth's regard for Hatton, it was perfectly well known to his friends; and that, a rival having appeared, Hatton was thrown into the shade. He therefore consulted Dyer as to the means of maintaining or recovering his position in the queen's favour. Finding that Hatton contemplated the dangerous plan of reproaching Elizabeth for the change in her sentiments, he earnestly advised him not to adopt so perilous a course; and if the expressions used by Dyer are to receive their usual interpretation, it is difficult to disbelieve the reports which were then so prevalent. Hatton's rival was apparently the young and eccentric Earl of Oxford, who had lately married the daughter of Lord Burghley, and whom he cruelly treated in revenge for her father's having refused his request to intercede with the queen for the Duke of Norfolk. As Oxford, besides his illustrious descent, was distinguished for the same personal qualities as those which obtained the queen's favour for Hatton, his jealousy is not surprising:

MR. DYER TO MR. HATTON.

"Sir,—After my departure from you, thinking upon your case as my dear friend, I thought good to lay before you mine opinion in writing somewhat more at large than at my last conference I did speak. And I do it of goodwill, for you need no counsel of mine I know right well. But one that standeth by shall see more in the game than one that is much more skilful, whose mind is too earnestly occupied. I will not recite the argument, or put the case as it were, for it needeth not; but go to the reasons, such as they be. First of all, you must consider with whom you have to deal, and what we be towards her; who though she do descend very much in her sex as a woman, yet we may not forget her place, and the nature of it as our sovereign. Now if a man, of secret cause known to himself, might in common reason challenge it, yet if the queen mislike thereof, the world followeth the sway of her inclination; and never fall they in consideration of reason, as between private persons they do. And if it be after that rate for the most part in causes that may be justified, then much more so will it be in causes not to be avouched. A thing to be had in regard; for it is not good for any man straitly to weigh a general disallowance of her doings. That the queen will mislike of such a course, this is my reason: she will imagine that you go about to imprison her fauety, and to warp her grace within your disposition; and that will breed despite and hatred in her towards you; and so you may be cast forth to the malice of every envious person, flatterer, and enemy of yours; out of which you shall never recover yourself clearly, neither your friends, so long as they shew themselves your friends. But if you will make a proof (*par ver vramo*, as Spanish phrase is) to see how the queen and he will yield to it, and it prosper, go through withal; if not, to change your course suddenly into another more agreeable to her Majesty, I can like indifferently of that. But then you must observe this, that it be upon a by-occasion; for else it were not convenient for divers reasons that you cannot but think upon.

"But the best and soundest way in mine opinion is, to put on another mind; to use your suits towards her Majesty in words, behaviour, and deeds; to acknowledge your duty, declaring the reverence which in heart you bear, and never seem deeply to condemn her frailties, but rather joyfully to commend such things as should be in her, as though they were in her indeed; hating my Lord of Ctm in the queen's understanding for affection's sake, and blaming him openly for seeking the queen's favour. For though in the beginning, when her Majesty sought you (after her good manner), she did bear with rugged dealing of yours, until she had what she fancied; yet now, after satiety and fullness, it will rather hurt than help you; whereas, behaving yourself as I said before, your place shall keep you in worship, your presence in favour, your followers will stand to you, at the least you shall have no bold enemies, and you shall dwell in the ways to take all advantages wisely, and honestly to serve your turn at times. Marry, thus much I would advise you to remember, that you use no words of disgrace or reproach towards him to any; that he, being the less provoked, may sleep, thinking all safe, while you do awake and attend your advantages. Otherwise you shall, as it were, warden him and keep him in order; and he will make the queen think that he beareth all for her sake, which will be as a merit in her sight; and the pursuing of his revenge shall be just in all men's opinions, by what means soever he and his friends shall ever be able.

"You may perchance be advised and encouraged to the other way by some kind of friends, that will be glad to see whether the queen will make an apple or a crab of you, which, as they find, will deal accordingly with you; following, if fortune be good; if not, leave and go to your enemy; for such kind of friends have no commodity by hanging in suspense, but set you a fire to do off or on,—all is one to them; rather liking to have you in any extremity than in any good mean. But beware not too late of such friends, and of such as make themselves gleve between them and you, whether it be of ignorance or practice. Well, not to trouble you any longer, it is very necessary for you to impart the effect of this with your best and most accounted friends, and most worthy to be so; for then you shall have their assistance every way; who, being made privy of your council, will and ought in honour to be partners of your fortune, which God grant to be of the best. The 9th of October, 1572. Your assured poor friend to command,

Edw. Dyer."

The letters of LEICESTER, his great rival in the Queen's affections, are interesting, as showing the friendly footing on which they stood to one another, in spite of such a cause for quarrel. The following exhibits the Earl in a very pleasing aspect, as a man of kind heart:—

The "hearty noble couple," from whose house Leicester wrote the following letter, were Henry first Lord Norriss of Rycot, and his wife, Margery, daughter and coheir of John Lord Williams of Thame. It appears that they expected to have been honoured with a visit from the Queen—

THE EARL OF LEICESTER TO SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.

Good Mr. Captain,—Having so convenient a messenger I thought good to salute you, and withal to let you know I found a very hard journey yesterday after I departed from you. It was ten of the clock at night ere I came here, and a more foul and ragged way I never travelled in my life. The best was, at my arrival I met with a piece of cold entertainment at the Lady's hands of the house here; and so had you done too, if you had been in my place; for she was well informed ere I came that you and I were the chief hinderers of her Majesty's coming hither, which they took more unkindly than there was cause indeed. But I was fain to stand to it that I was one of the dissuaders, and would not for anything, for the little proof I had of this day's journey, that her Majesty had been in it; being, in deed, the very same day her Highness should have come hither, which I remembered not till this question grew. Well, I did, I trust, satisfy my Lady, albeit she saith she cannot be quiet till you have part of her little stomach too. Trust me, if it had not been so late, I think I should have sought me another lodging, my welcome awhile was so ill; and almost no reason could persuade but that it was some device to keep her Highness from her own gracious disposition

to come hither. But I dealt plainly with her, that I knew she would have been sorry afterwards to have had her Majesty come at this time of the year to this place. I assure you, you shall find it winter already. Thus much I thought good to tell you, that, when my Lady comes thither, you may satisfy her, as I hope I have done; but her Majesty must especially help somewhat, or else have we more than half lost this lady. To help to make amends, I offered her my lodging there, if her Majesty stayed at Oatlands. They had put the house here in very good order to receive her Majesty, and a hearty noble couple are they as ever I saw towards her Highness. I rest here this Sabbath-day to make peace for us both; what remains you shall do at their next charge upon you. God grant I find her Majesty no worse than I left her, and you as well to do as myself. From Rycott, the 11th of September 1582.

Your old assured friend, ROT. LEICESTER.

Nor was HATTON forgotten by the Earl in his will, which contained this reminiscence of their friendship—"To my Lord Chancellor, mine old dear friend, I do give one of my greatest basins and ewers gilt, with my best George and Garter, not doubting that he shall shortly enjoy the wearing of it, and one of his armours which he gave me."

The next is an extract from a letter of HATTON to the Queen. It should be observed that it was in reply to some letters she had addressed to him, although they had been but two days parted.

If I could express my feelings of your gracious letters, I should utter unto you matter of strange effect. In reading of them, with my tears I blot them. In thinking of them, I feel so great comfort, that I find cause, as God knoweth, to thank you on my knees. Death had been much more my advantage than to win health and life by so loathsome a pilgrimage. The time of two days bath drawn me further from you than ten, when I return, can lead me towards you. Madam, I find the greatest lack that ever poor wretch sustained. No death, no, not hell, no fear of death shall ever win of me my consent so far to wrong myself again as to be absent from you one day. God grant my return. I will perform this vow. I lack that I live by. The more I find this lack, the further I go from you. Shame whippeth me forward. Shame take them that counselled me to it. The life (as you well remember) is too long that loathsomely lasteth. A true saying, Madam. Believe him that hath proved it. The great wisdom I find in your letters, with your Country counsels are very notable, but the last word is worth the bible. Truth, truth, truth. Ever may it dwell in you. I will ever deserve it. My spirit and soul (I feel) agreeth with my body and life, that to serve you is a heaven, but to lack you is more than hell's torment unto them. My heart is full of woe. Pardon (for God's sake) my tedious writing. It doth much diminish (for the time) my great griefs. I will wash away the faults of these letters with the drops from your poor Lydds, and so enclose them. Would God I were with you but for one hour. My wits are overwrought with thoughts. I find myself amazed. Bear with me, my most dear sweet Lady. Passion overcometh me. I can write no more. Love me; for I love you. God, I beseech thee witness the same on behalf of thy poor servant. Live for ever. Shall I utter this familiar term (farewell)? yea, ten thousand thousand farewells. He speaketh it that most dearly loveth you.

HATTON's exaltation to the woollack gave great offence to the profession, by whom he was considered as altogether incompetent as a lawyer, however accomplished as a lover and courtier. But he proved a better judge than any person had expected.

It is evident that he was a man of varied powers, and of that practical ability to adapt himself to any position which, in the business of life, is more useful than the profoundest knowledge. His literary attainments were considerable. He wrote a part of a tragedy, played by the barristers of the Inner Temple. In Parliament he had influence as an orator; as Speaker of the House of Lords, he bore himself with dignity, and was received with respect. As Chancellor, he proved that reputation is not always the measure of a lawyer's capacities. In



all bodily exercises, he excelled. His movements in a masque first attracted to him the royal eye, curious in the graces of form. His name is associated with the dance, in which he outshone all his contemporaries, and for which he was famous even when, as GRAY says, "He had fifty winters o'er him." Upon the whole, it seems, he was not quite so despicable as he is represented by LORD CAMPBELL, nor so much of a hero as he is painted by SIR HARRIS NICOLAS, but something between the two—a man of fair abilities, consummate tact, and pleasing manners, largely indebted to accident for his fortunes; but who, if he had not *found* the way, would certainly never have *made* one.

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Gatherings from Spain.* By the author of the "Hand-book of Spain." 8vo. Part I. London, 1846: John Murray.

"Another, and yet the same!" was our exclamation when, glancing into this volume before we had read the avowal on the title-page that it was made up from an existing work, we recognised many passages from MR. FORD's well-known "Hand-book of Spain," yet so interwoven with new and entertaining matter as to make this book racier and more welcome.

The peninsular form of Spain, and the circumstance of her distance from the track of those who make what is pompously, but incorrectly termed "the tour of Europe," preclude her from the advantage of free influx of foreigners; and she is therefore less popularly known than a country offering such manifold and unusual attractions deserves to be.

The variety, novelty, and grandeur of her scenery—comprising the accessories of tropical and temperate regions; the physical and mental characteristics of her people; the national usages and manners, the curious economy of life, contrasting as these things do with their correlatives in neighbouring countries; and lastly, the associations connected with her history (which continually are suggested by the remains that time has spared), from the period when Iberia formed the richest colony of ancient Rome, to the gorgeous era of the Moors, and again down to the expulsion of the French by British bayonets, through centuries when commerce thrived and the arts flourished—these all combine to invest Spain with interest, and invite the attention of the intellectual and inquiring traveller.

The book before us, better than any published in our day (seeing that its issue in MR. MURRAY's series "The Home and Colonial Library," will carry it into many hands which the original work would never have reached,) is calculated to diffuse just that kind of information which was needful, and at the same time to provoke the curiosity of those who find leisure and means for travel. MR. FORD is a vigilant and shrewd observer, with a quick apprehension, not merely of the picturesque, but of the ludicrous; his descriptions are coloured up to, at least, if indeed they do not sometimes overpass, nature; his style is lively and playful, even to capriciousness; hence, as his material is always abundant, he has produced a book as entertaining as a skilful romance. Nor are his understanding and judgment less meritorious than the above-named qualities. The remarks he occasionally throws in upon the existence and operation of the causes that retard social advancement and affect commercial prosperity in Spain, are always sensible and judicious. The opportunities he has enjoyed for observing the country, and the people, seem to have been most ample; indeed, we infer from various passages that he has personally, and at various times, visited every district of Spain; the value, therefore, of his notes is largely heightened by this experience. It is time, however, he

should speak for himself; therefore, without further remark, we address the reader to his pages. The following is his description of the

#### ROADS OF SPAIN.

The roads of Spain, a matter of much importance to a judicious traveller, are somewhat a modern luxury, having been only regularly introduced by the Bourbons. The Moors and Spaniards, who rode on horses and not in carriages, suffered those magnificent lines with which the Romans had covered the Peninsula to go to decay; of these there were no less than twenty-nine of the first order, which were absolutely necessary to a nation of conquerors and colonists to keep up their military and commercial communications. The grandest of all, which like the Appian might be termed the Queen of Roads, ran from Merida, the capital of Lusitania, to Salamanca. It was laid down like a Cyclopean wall, and much of it remains to this day, with the grey granite line stretching across the aromatic wastes, like the vertebrae of an extinct mammoth. We have followed for miles its course, which is indicated by the still standing military columns that rise above the cistus underwood; here and there tall forest trees grow out of the stone pavement, and shew how long it has been abandoned by man to Nature ever young and gay, who thus by uprooting and displacing the huge blocks slowly recovers her rights. She festoons the ruins with necklaces of flowers and creepers, and hides the rents and wrinkles of odious, all-dilapidating Time, or man's worse neglect, as a pretty maid decorates a shrivelled dowager's with diamonds. The Spanish muleteer creeps along by its side in a track which he has made through the sand or pebbles; he seems ashamed to trample on this lordly way, for which, in his petty wants, he has no occasion. Most of the similar roads have been taken up by monks to raise convents, by burgesses to build houses, by military men to construct fortifications—thus even their ruins have perished.

The usual mode of travelling in Spain is by the public conveyances, which were only introduced a few years ago. They have no railroads, and the appointments of the mail and the diligences are rude and insufficient. MR. FORD's description of them is as follows:—

#### THE SPANISH DILIGENCE.

The diligences also are imitations of the lumbering French model. It will be in vain to expect in them the neatness, the well-appointed turn-out, the quiet, time-keeping, and infinite facilities of the English original. These matters when passed across the water are modified to the heroic Continental contempt for doing things in style; cheapness, which is their great principle, prefers rope-traces to those of leather, and a carter to a regular coachman; the usual foreign drags also exist, which render their slow coaches and bureaucratic absurdities so hateful to free Britons; but when one is once booked and handed over to the conductor, you arrive in due time at the journey's end. The "guards" are realities; they consist of stout, armed, most picturesque, robber-like men and no mistake, since many, before they were pardoned and pensioned, have frequently taken a purse on the Queen's highway; for the foreground of your first sketch they are splendid fellows, and worth a score of marshals. They are provided with a complete arsenal of swords and blunderbusses, so that the cumbrous machine rolling over the sea of plains looks like a man-of-war, and has been compared to a marching citadel. Again in suspicious localities a mounted escort of equally suspicious look gallops alongside, nor is the primitive practice of black mail altogether neglected: the consequence of these admirable precautions is, that the diligences are seldom or never robbed; the thing, however, is possible.

The sporting in Spain is abundant and varied; and as the quantity of game in this country is beyond doubt rapidly diminishing, it is not improbable that country may not long hence be resorted to by the English for the enjoyment of this recreation, as countries nearer home, Belgium and France for instance, now are.

#### SPORTING IN SPAIN.

The sporting in these lonely wild districts is excellent, for where man seldom penetrates the *feræ naturæ* multiply; the



bear is, however, getting scarce, as a premium is placed upon every head destroyed. The grand object is the *Cabra Montañez*, or *Rupicapra*, German Steinbock, the Bouquetin of the French, the Izard (*Iber*, becco, bouc, bock, buck). The fascination of this pursuit, like that of the Chamois in Switzerland, leads to constant and even fatal accidents, as this shy animal lurks in almost inaccessible localities, and must be stalked with the nicest skill. The sporting on the north side is far inferior, as the cooks of the *table-d'hôtes*, have waged a *guerra al cuchillo*, a war to the knife, and fork too, against even *les petits oiseaux*; but your French *artiste* persecutes even minnows, as all *sport* and fair play is scouted, and every thing gives way for the pot. The Spaniards, less mechanical and gastronomic, leave the feathered and finny tribes in comparative peace. Accordingly the streams abound with trout, and those which flow into the Atlantic with salmon. The lofty Pyrenees are not only alembics of cool crystal streams, but contain, like the heart of Sappho, sources of warm springs under a bosom of snow.

Admirable is the following description of

#### THRESHING CORN IN SPAIN.

All classes here gain their bread by making it, and the water-mills and mule-mills are never still; women and children are busy picking out earthy particles from the grain, which get mixed from the common mode of threshing on a floor in the open air, which is at once Biblical and Homeric. At the outside of the villages, in corn-growing districts, a smooth open "threshing-floor" is prepared, with a hard surface, like a fives court: it is called the *era*, and is the precise Roman *area*. The sheaves of corn are spread out on it, and four horses yoked most classically to a low crate or harrow, composed of planks armed with flints, &c. which is called a *trillo*: on this the driver is seated, who urges the beasts round and round over the crushed heap. Thus the grain is shaken out of the ears and the straw triturated; the latter becomes food for horses, as the former does for men. When the heap is sufficiently bruised, it is removed and winnowed by being thrown up into the air; the light winds carry off the chaff, while the heavy corn falls to the ground. The whole operation is truly picturesque and singular. The scene is a crowded one, as many cultivators contribute to the mass and share in the labour; their wives and children cluster around, clad in strange dresses of varied colours. They are sometimes sheltered from the god of fire under boughs, reeds, and awnings, run up as if for the painter, and falling of themselves into pictures, as the lower classes of Spaniards and Italians always do. They are either eating and drinking, singing or dancing, for a guitar is never wanting. Meanwhile the fierce horses dash over the prostrate sheaves, and realise the splendid simile of Homer, who likens them to the fiery steeds of Achilles when driven over Trojan bodies. These out-of-door threshings take place of course when the weather is dry, and generally under a most terrific heat. The work is often continued at nightfall by torch-light. During the day the half-clad dusky reapers defy the sun and his rage, rejoicing rather in the heat like salamanders; it is true that their devotions to the porous water-jar are unremitting, nor is a swill at a good passenger's *bota* ever rejected; all is life and action; busy hands and feet, flashing eyes, and eager screams; the light yellow chaff, which in the sun's rays glitters like gold dust, envelopes them in a halo, which by night, when partially revealed by the fires and mingled with the torch glare, is almost supernatural, as the phantom figures, now dark in shadows, now crimsoned by the fire flash, flit to and fro in the vaporous mist. The scene never fails to rivet and enchant the stranger, who, coming from the pale north and the commonplace indoor fall, seizes at once all the novelty of such doings. Eye and ear, open and awake, become inlets of new sensations of attention and admiration, and convey to heart and mind the poetry, local colour, movement, grouping, action, and attitude.

The Spanish Muleteer, from the days of CERVANTES to the present, has been known as an interesting feature of the Spanish landscape. The subjoined description of this class, and the mules they drive, is extremely graphic:—

#### THE SPANISH MULETEER.

These men, who are constantly on the road, and going

backwards and forwards, are the best persons to consult for details; their animals are generally to be hired, but a muleteer's stud is not pleasant to ride, since their beasts always travel in single files. The leading animal is furnished with a copper bell with a wooden clapper, to give notice of their march, which is shaped like an ice-mould, sometimes two feet long, and hangs from the neck, being contrived, as it were, on purpose to knock the animal's knees as much as possible, and to emit the greatest quantity of the most melancholy sounds, which, according to the pious origin of all bells, were meant to scare away the Evil One. The bearer of all this tintinnabular clatter is chosen from its superior docility and knack in picking out a way. The others follow their leader, and the noise he makes when they cannot see him. They are heavily but scientifically laden. The cargo of each is divided into three portions; one is tied on each side, and the other placed between. If the cargo be not nicely balanced, the muleteer either unloads or adds a few stones to the lighter portion—the additional weight being compensated by the greater comfort with which a well-poised burden is carried. These "sumpter" mules are gaily decorated with trappings full of colour and tags. The head-gear is composed of different coloured worsteds, to which a multitude of small bells are affixed; hence the saying "*muger de mucha campanilla*," a woman of many bells, of much show, much noise, or pretension. The muleteer either walks by the side of his animal or sits aloft on the cargo, with his feet dangling on the neck, a seat which is by no means so uncomfortable as it would appear. A rude gun, "but 'twill serve," and is loaded with slugs, hangs always in readiness by his side, and often with it a guitar; these emblems of life and death paint the unchanged reckless condition of Iberia, where extremes have ever met, where a man still goes out of the world like a swan, with a song. Thus accoutred, as Byron says, with "all that gave, promise of pleasure or a grave," the approach of the caravan is announced from afar by his cracked or guttural voice: "How carols now the lusty muleteer!" For when not engaged in swearing or smoking, the livelong day is passed in one monotonous high-pitched song, the tune of which is little in harmony with the import of the words, or his cheerful humour, being most unmusical and melancholy: but such is the true type of Oriental *melody*, as it is called. The same absence of thought which is shewn in England by whistling is displayed in Spain by singing. "*Quien canta sus males espanta*:" he who sings frightens away ills, a philosophic consolation in travel as old and as classical as Virgil:—"Cantantes licet usque, minus via tædet, eamus," which may be thus translated for the benefit of country gentlemen:—

If we join in doleful chorus,  
The dull highway will much less bore us.

The Spanish muleteer is a fine fellow: he is intelligent, active, and enduring: he braves hunger and thirst, heat and cold, mud and dust; he works as hard as his cattle, never robs or is robbed; and while his betters in this land put off everything till to-morrow except bankruptcy, he is punctual and honest, his frame is wiry and sinewy, his costume peculiar; many are the leagues and long, which we have ridden in his caravan, and longer his robber yarns, to which we paid no attention; and it must be admitted that these cavalcades are truly national and picturesque. Mingled with droves of mules and mounted horsemen, the zig-zag lines come threading down the mountain defiles, now tracking through the aromatic brushwood, now concealed amid rocks and olive-trees, now emerging bright and glittering into the sunshine, giving life and movement to the lonely nature, and breaking the usual stillness by the tinkle of the bell and the sad ditty of the muleteer—sounds which, though unmusical in themselves, are in keeping with the scene, and associated with wild Spanish rambles, just as the harsh whetting of the scythe is mixed up with the sweet spring and newly-mown hay-meadow.

Though we have already extracted freely, as information on the subject cannot be too widely diffused, we make room for a few passages descriptive of the Spanish wines, and the mode of preparing them:—

#### THE WINES OF SPAIN.

The most celebrated and perfect wines of the Peninsula are port and sherry, which owe their excellence to foreign, not to

native skill, the principal growers and makers being Europeans, and their system altogether un-Spanish; nothing can be more rude, antique, and unscientific, than the wine-making in those localities where no stranger has ever settled. But Spain is a land bottled up for antiquarians, and it must be confessed that the national process is very picturesque and classical; no Ariadne revel of Titian is more glittering or animated, no bas-relief more classical in which sacrifices are celebrated

To Bacchus, who first from out the purple grape  
Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine.

Often have we ridden through villages redolent with vinous aroma, and inundated with the blood of the berry, until the very mud was encarnadined; what a busy scene! Donkeys laden with panniers of the ripe fruit, damsels bending under heavy baskets, men with reddened legs and arms, joyous and jovial as satyrs, hurry jostling on to the rude and dirty vat, into which the fruit is thrown indiscriminately, the black-coloured with the white ones, the ripe bunches with the sour, the sound berries with those decayed; no pains are taken, no selection is made; the filth and negligence are commensurate with this carelessness; the husks are either trampled under naked feet or pressed out under a rude beam; in both cases every refining operation is left to the fermentation of nature, for there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we may.

The vines are cultivated with the greatest care, and demand unceasing attention, from the first planting to their final decay. They generally fruit about the fifth year, and continue in full and excellent bearing for about thirty-five years more, when the produce begins to diminish both in quantity and quality. The best wines are produced from the slowest ripening grapes; the vines are delicate, have a true bacchic hydrophobia, or antipathy to water—are easily affected and injured by bad smells and rank weeds. The vine-dresser enjoys little rest; at one time the soil must be trenched and kept clean, then the vines must be pruned, and tied to the stakes to which they are trained very low; anon insects must be destroyed; and at last the fruit has to be gathered and crushed. It is a life of constant care, labour, and expense. \* \* When the period of the vintage arrives, the cares of the proprietors and the labours of the cultivators and makers increase. The bunches are picked and spread out for some days on matting; the unripe grapes, which have less substance and spirit, are separated, and are exposed longer to the sun, by which they improve. If the berries be over-ripe, then the saccharine prevails, and there is a deficiency of tartaric acid. The selected grapes are sprinkled with lime, by which the watery and acetic particles are absorbed and corrected. A nice hand is requisite in this powdering, which, by the way, is an ancient African custom, in order to avoid the imputation of Falstaff, "There is lime in this sack." The treading out the fruit is generally done by night, because it is then cooler, and in order to avoid as much as possible the plague of wasps, by whom the half-naked operators are liable to be stung. On the larger vineyards there is generally a jumble of buildings, which contain every requisite for making the wine, as well as cellars into which the must or pressed grape juice is left to pass the stages of fermentation, and where it remains until the following spring before it is removed from the lees. When the new wine is racked off, all the produce of the same vineyard and vintage is housed together, and called a *partido* or lot.

The above extracts, we believe, will be found to justify the opinions we have pronounced on this book, and, without further comment, we recommend it to the perusal of the reader.

*Travels into the Interior of Brazil, principally into the Northern Provinces, and during the years 1836—1841.*

By GEORGE GARDNER, F.L.S. London, 1846.

RIGHT welcome to the palled appetite of the reviewer, wearied with reiterated narratives of tours in Egypt and Palestine, Canada and the United States, rambles to Rome, and voyages to Australia and New Zealand, is a book of veritable travels in a country previously unexplored by an author in deed or in contemplation, and still more by one who combines, with the power of a pleasant writer, much knowledge of science, and that

passionate devotion to natural history which not only incites to adventure but gives to the telling of it a charm never found in tales of the toils and trials of the votaries of any other learned pursuit.

And here, indeed, we have in abundance all the characteristics that have made "Voyages and Travels" the most popular of books with readers of every age, kindling the imaginations of the young with the glow of romance, and gratifying the soberer mind of maturity with the consciousness that, although so like romance, all is yet a reality. Mr. GARDNER possesses every qualification for such an enterprise as is here recorded. By profession a surgeon, a pupil of Sir WILLIAM J. HOOKER, enthusiastically devoted to natural science, adventurous by nature, he early formed a desire to travel, not for the gratification of an idle curiosity, but in the hope to enlarge the boundaries of our knowledge of natural history. Assisted by his master, who introduced him and his desires to a large circle of wealthy and influential friends, the means were subscribed to gratify his laudable ambition. Brazil was appointed as the first scene of his researches. He quitted Glasgow in the spring of 1836; in July of that year he reached Rio Janeiro, and for five years thenceforward he diligently employed himself in exploring that interesting region. Two years were spent at Rio, Bahia and Pernambuco, and their neighbourhoods. During the other three years he made an expedition from the port of Aracaty, in the 5th degree of south latitude, right through the interior westward to the 48th degree of longitude, and again returning to Rio, making altogether an exploration of a district measuring about 12 degrees of longitude and 11 of latitude, including the country of the famous gold and diamond mines.

In the course of these extensive journeyings Mr. GARDNER was necessarily thrown much among the people, and enjoyed peculiar opportunities for observing their habits, manners, and minds. His conclusion is, that the inhabitants of Brazil are the laziest people upon the face of the earth. In the course of his wanderings in the wilderness he found his medical knowledge of great value, being at all times an introduction to the good offices of all classes, and securing for him both respect and substantial assistance.

Mr. GARDNER's style is plain and unpretending; its most prominent fault is a want of colour; but this is compensated by a scrupulous adherence to facts, and he thereby avoids the air of writers of vivid imaginations who often draw largely from the fancy in order to give effect to a picture. The notes, he tells us, were written, for the most part, at the places described during his intervals of rest, and these are to be detected in a moment by their more graphic descriptions and energetic manner.

It is another most commendable feature of this publication that there is in it nothing of book-making. In the hands of a professional tour-writer, or a "fashionable" publisher, such rich materials would have been expanded into three volumes at the least. But Mr. GARDNER, with better taste, has compressed his narrative into one volume, which, consequently, presents in every page something worth the reading, and therefore no book-club or library should fail to procure it.

From stores so ample a dozen amusing notices might be gleaned. But the season has been so fruitful in new books—so large a pile lies upon our table waiting for review—that even such a temptation as this must be resisted, and the reader must be content with but a few of the many interesting passages we had scored, but which, we trust, will be sufficient to shew him that he ought to read the volume itself.

We take his sketches of places, persons, and natural history without regard to order, as each is complete in itself. Here are his

## NOTES AT NATIVIDADE.

Although the dress of the men is here much the same as in other northern parts of Brazil, that of the women differs greatly; for when dressed either for attending church, joining processions, or visiting their friends, in place of the large white cotton shawl which the women of Ceará throw over their heads, or the small white handkerchief used in Piahy for the same purpose, I was rather surprised to find that here they all wore cloaks, either made of Scotch tartan or blue cloth, very similar to those worn by the factory girls of Glasgow in the winter season. Here it is a universal custom for the women to smoke; and the pipe, which has a wooden tube about three feet long, is seldom out of their mouth from morning till night. They work little, but eat and sleep a great deal; the lower classes of females are also much addicted to drinking the rum of the country (cachaça). The only prisoner confined in the jail, while I was there, was a woman, who a few years before was condemned to twenty years' imprisonment, for causing her own son to kill his father. The son, who was condemned to perpetual imprisonment and hard labour, broke through the walls of the prison shortly after his sentence, and effected his escape. When we arrived, there were three priests in the villa, one of whom died during our stay. These, like most others I met with, instead of being examples of morality to the people, were immoral to an extent almost past belief. The one who died was an old man upwards of seventy-four years of age; he was a native of Santos, in the province of San Paulo, and a cousin of the celebrated José Bonifácio de Andrada. Although a man of very humane and benevolent disposition, and well educated, he left behind him a family of half-a-dozen children by his own slaves, most of whom, with their mothers, were left in bondage, and were afterwards sold with his other effects for the payment of his debts. The Vigario Geral was a half-caste, upwards of forty years of age, who had only been ordained a few years before; up to that time he was, and still continues to be, the largest cattle-farmer in the district. Having acquired as much Latin from the old priest as would enable him to mumble over the service of the church, without the least knowledge of theology, he went to the city of Goyaz, to purchase his ordination from the bishop; a short time afterwards he obtained by another purchase the vicar-generalship of the district. About a month after my arrival in the villa I was sent for to attend a young slave belonging to him, a fine girl about sixteen years of age, who died of puerperal fever a few days after giving birth to a child of which he was the father: by the inhabitants this man was as much detested as the old priest had been loved and esteemed.

Everywhere he remarks the immorality of the clergy. The same feature of Brazilian society strikes him at

## PERNAMBUCO.

The palace, in which the affairs of the provincial government are now carried on, was in former times the Jesuits' College, and stands on the bank of the river; it is a large building of gloomy appearance, with walls of enormous thickness. When it was erected by these enterprising and charitable men, they little dreamed that their career was to terminate at so early a period as it did. It is handed down from father to son, particularly among the middle and lower classes of Brazil, that the destruction of Jesuitical power was a severe loss to the well-being of the country. There are of course but few alive now who have personal recollection of the excellent men who formed the "Company of Jesus," but the memory of them will long remain; I have always heard them spoken of with respect and with regret. What different men they must have been from the degraded race who now undertake the spiritual welfare of this nation! It is a hard thing to say, but I do it not without well considering the nature of the assertion, that the present clergy of Brazil are more debased and immoral than any other class of men. However much the Jesuits were slandered and persecuted from the jealousy of those who envied the respect in which they were held by their flocks, and the confidence which they reposed in them, enough of the good still remains to shame those who have succeeded them. More than one nation of Indians in Brazil, which in the time of the Jesuits had renounced their savage life and become Christians, have, since their suppression, returned to the condition from which, at so much risk, and with so much

labour, they had been redeemed. Whatever were the motives of the Jesuits, they are judged of in Brazil not by them, but by their good works. The inhabitants of the town of Pernambuco resemble very much those of Rio, but there is a great difference in the appearance of the country people, which here, as elsewhere, are easily distinguished from the citizens. Those seen in the streets of Rio de Janeiro are a tall handsome race of men, mostly from the mining districts, or the more southerly province of San Paulo; their dress consists of a linen jacket and trousers, generally of a blue colour; brown leather boots, which are firmly tied round the leg a little above the knee; and a very high-crowned broad-brimmed white straw hat. Those, on the contrary, who frequent the city of Pernambuco are a more swarthy and more diminutive race, but still far superior in appearance to the puny citizens. There are two classes of them—the Matúto and the Sertanejo; the Matútos inhabit the low flat country, which extends from the coast up to the high land of the interior, called the Sertao, or desert, which gives name to, and is inhabited by, the Sertanejos.

He was gratified to find that he had formed a very unjust estimate of the horrors of

## SLAVERY IN BRAZIL.

Previous to my arrival in Brazil, I had been led to believe, from the reports that have been published in England, that the condition of the slave in that country was the most wretched that could be conceived; and the accounts which I heard when I landed—from individuals whom I now find to have been little informed on the point—tended to confirm that belief. A few years' residence in the country, during which I saw more than has fallen to the lot of most Europeans, has led me to alter very materially those early impressions. I am no advocate for the continuance of slavery; on the contrary, I should rejoice to see it swept from off the face of the earth: but I will never listen to those who represent the Brazilian slave-holder to be a cruel monster. My experience among them has been very great, and but very few wanton acts of cruelty have come under my own observation. The very temperament of the Brazilian is adverse to its general occurrence. They are of a slow and indolent habit, which causes much to be overlooked in a slave that by people of a more active and ardent disposition would be severely punished. Europeans, who have this latter peculiarity more strongly inherent in them, are known to be not only the hardest of taskmasters, but the most severe punishers of the faults of their slaves. \* \* \* The master has it in his power to chastise the slaves at his own discretion: some, however, prefer sending the culprit to the Calabouça, where, on the payment of a small sum, punishment is given by the police. Many of the crimes for which only a few lashes are awarded are of such a nature that in England would bring upon the perpetrator either death or transportation. It is only for very serious crimes that a slave is given up entirely to the public tribunals, as then his services are lost to the owner, either altogether or at least for a long period. On most of the plantations the slaves are well attended to, and appear to be very happy: indeed, it is a characteristic of the negro, resulting no doubt from his careless disposition, that he very soon gets reconciled to his condition. I have conversed with slaves in all parts of the country, and have met with but very few who expressed any regret at having been taken from their own country, or a desire to return to it. On some of the largest estates at which I have resided for short periods, the number of slaves often amounted to three or four hundred; and but for my previous knowledge of their being such, I could never have found out from my own observations that they were slaves. I saw a set of contented and well-conditioned labourers turning out from their little huts, often surrounded by a small garden, and proceeding to their respective daily occupations; from which they returned in the evening, but not broken and bent down with the severity of their tasks. The condition of the domestic slave is perhaps even better than that of the others; his labour is but light, and he is certainly better fed and clothed. I have almost universally found the Brazilian ladies kind both to their male and female domestic slaves: this is particularly the case when the latter have acted as nurses. On estates where there has been no medical attendant, I have often found the lady of the proprietor attending to the sick in the hospital herself.



Here is a picture of

CRATO.

The Villa de Crato is situated thirty-two leagues to the S.W. of Ico, and nearly in the same parallel as Pernambuco, from which it is distant in a direct line about three hundred miles; it is a small and sufficiently miserable town, being about one-third the size of Ico. It is very irregularly built, and the houses, with only one exception, are of a single story; it contains two churches and a jail; but one of the former has never been finished, and has remained so long in this state, that it has all the appearance of one that has fallen into decay. The jail is likewise in so ruined a state as scarcely to deserve the name of a prison, although there are generally a few criminals confined in it; it was guarded by two soldiers, who performed their duty so easily, that in passing I seldom saw them otherwise occupied than either in playing cards, or sleeping in the shade of the building; a sergeant who was confined during my stay in this place for disobedience to his officer, was known almost every night to get out by one of the windows, which have only wooden bars, when, after sleeping in his own house, he returned to spend the day in prison. The whole population amounts probably to about two thousand, the greater part of whom are either Indians, or their mixed descendants; the more respectable portion of the inhabitants are Brazilians, who, for the most part, are shopkeepers; but how the poorer races gain a livelihood, I am at a loss to determine. The inhabitants of this part of the province, who are generally known by the Indian appellation of Caryris, are celebrated throughout Brazil for their lawless character; it formerly used to be, and still is, though not to the same extent, a place of refuge to murderers and vagabonds of all sorts from other parts of the country; and although it contains a justice of the peace, a Juiz de Direito, and other officials of the law, they possess but little power; and even if that little be exercised, they run great risk of falling under the knife of the assassin; several murderers were pointed out to me, who walked about quite openly. The principal dangers to which they are exposed is from the friends of the person they have murdered, who follow them to a great distance, and lose no opportunity of seeking their revenge. The state of morality generally among the inhabitants of Crato, is at a very low ebb; card-playing is the principal occupation during the day, when in fine weather groups of all classes, from those called the great people (*gente grande*) to the lowest, may be observed seated on the pavement, on the shaded side of the street, deeply employed in gambling; the more respectable generally play for dollars, the poorer either for copper money, or more commonly make use of large spotted beans in lieu of counters; quarrels on these occasions are of course very common, which are not unfrequently settled with the knife. Scarcely any of the better class live with their wives: a few years after their marriage, they generally turn them out of the house, to live separately, and replace them by young women who are willing to supply their place without being bound by the ties of matrimony; in this manner these people have two houses to keep up. Among others who are living in this condition, I may mention the Juez de Direito, and Juiz dos Orfaos, and most of the larger shopkeepers. Such a state of immorality is not to be wondered at, when the conduct of the clergy is taken into consideration; the vicar (*vigario*), who was then an old man between seventy and eighty years of age, is the father of six natural children, one of whom was educated as a priest, afterwards became president of the province, and was then a senator of the empire, although still retaining his clerical title. During my stay in Crato he arrived there on a visit to his father, bringing with him his mistress, who was his own cousin, and eight children out of ten he had by her, having at the same time five other children by another woman, who died in child-bed of the sixth. Besides the *vigario*, there were three other priests in the town, all of whom have families by women with whom they live openly, one of them being the wife of another person. I lived about five months among these people; but in no other part of Brazil, even during a much shorter residence, did I live on less terms of intimacy with them, or make fewer friends.

Now for some scraps of natural history.

#### BEEES IN BRAZIL.

The owner of the house where we put up for the night re-

turned from the woods shortly after our arrival, with a considerable quantity of wild honey, some of which he kindly gave us, and we found it to be excellent: it was the product of one of the smaller bees which are so numerous in this part of Brazil. This was the season in which the people go to the woods in search of honey; it is so generally used, that after leaving Duro, a portion was presented to us at almost every house where we stopped. These bees mostly belong to the genus *Melipona*, Illig.; and I collected a great many, which, with some other zoological specimens, were afterwards lost in crossing a river. A list of them, with their native names, and a few observations, may not be uninteresting.

He then describes eighteen different species, which we omit, and continues:—

The first eleven of these honey-bees construct their cells in the hollow trunks of trees, and the others either in similar situations or beneath the ground; it is only the three last kinds which sting, all the others being harmless. The only attempt I ever saw to domesticate any of these bees was by a Cornish miner, in the Gold district, who cut off those portions of the trunks of the trees which contained the nests, and hung them up under the eaves of the house; they seemed to thrive very well, but whenever the honey was wanted, it was necessary to destroy the bees. Both the Indians and the other inhabitants of the country are very expert in tracing these insects to the trees in which they hive; they generally mix the honey, which is very fluid, with farinha before they eat it; and of the wax they make a coarse kind of taper, about a yard long, which serves in lieu of candles, and which the country people bring to the village for sale. We found these very convenient, and always carried a sufficient stock with us; not unfrequently we were obliged to manufacture them ourselves, from the wax obtained by my own men; a coarse soft kind of cotton yarn for wicks was always to be purchased at the different fazendas and villages through which we passed.

#### A CURIOUS PLANT.

About a league from Campos the country abounds with an arboreous species of *Jatropha*, with small white flowers, and sinuate leaves not unlike those of the holly, only larger; the footstalks of the leaves are furnished with a few long pointed prickles, and without being aware of their nature, I laid hold of a branch to collect a few specimens, but had no sooner done so than my whole hand felt as if it had been dipped into boiling oil, caused by the venom of the prickles, which in many places had punctured the skin, and it was intolerably painful for several hours: on my next attempt I was more cautious, and succeeded in obtaining a few specimens. This plant is called by the inhabitants Favella; and in the dry season they scrape down the bark and wood, which they put into the pools where the large pigeons and other birds resort; after having drunk of this poisoned water they either die or become very much stupified, and in this state are taken and eaten by the people. On this journey we saw a great many maccaws (*Araras*), but they would not allow me to come within shot of them.

#### BRAZILIAN TEA.

The avenue (of the Botanical Gardens at Rio) which leads up from the entrance, is planted on each side with the pine-like casuarina; it is on a piece of ground about an acre in extent, on the left hand side of this avenue, that the tea-plants grow which were imported from China by the grandfather of the present emperor. It was thought that the climate and soil of Brazil would be suitable for its cultivation; but the success of the experiment has not equalled the expectations which were formed of it, notwithstanding that the growth of the plants and the preparation of the leaves were managed by natives of China accustomed to such occupations. In the province of San Paulo a few large plantations of tea have been established; that belonging to the ex-regent Feijo containing upwards of twenty thousand trees. The produce is sold in the shops at Rio, and in appearance is scarcely to be distinguished from that of Chinese manufacture; but the flavour is inferior, having more of a herby taste. It is sold at about the same price; but it is now ascertained that it cannot be produced so as to give a sufficient recompense to the grower, the price of labour being much greater in Brazil than in China; to remunerate, it is said that Brazil tea ought to bring five shillings per pound.

## BRAZILIAN FLEAS.

Our first stage from Boa Esperança was the Villa de Santa Anna das Mercês; and when about two leagues from it, we halted under the shade of an imbuzeira to dine, and to give the horses a rest. The dry rocky places in this neighbourhood were covered with a little gregarious *melocactus*, bearing very long recurved spines; and in a moisty sandy place I found many pretty annual plants. About sunset we came in sight of the villa, which is situated on a slight eminence. On entering it, we put up for the night in a large unfinished house belonging to Padre Marcos of Boa Esperança, but we were glad to retreat from it as quickly as possible, for it was so full of fleas that we were completely covered with them; nor was it till a large fire had been kindled in the middle of the floor, that the place became at all bearable. As both Mr. Walker and I had on very long boots, we suffered much less than the blacks, whose legs, from the knees downwards, were bare; I observed that when they were kindling the fire, they would hold first one leg and then the other over the flame, and with their two hands stroke them downwards to get rid of these annoying creatures. In other places in Brazil I have met with these insects in abundance in houses which have been shut up for some time, but never did I see them so numerous as they were here; to escape their attacks during the night we were obliged to sling our hammocks very high, and to undress on the top of a table.

(To be continued.)

## FICTION.

*Chronicles of the Fleet Prison.* By C. ROWCROFT.  
In 3 vols. London: Hurst.

THE question of the propriety of imprisonment for debt is more difficult than shallow thinkers imagine. Legislation has unfortunately oscillated between two extremes. At one time creditors had it all their own way, and debtors were treated as criminals, and punishment was dictated by the spirit of revenge. Then, revolting at excess of cruelty, the public mind rushed into the opposite condition of excess of sympathy for the debtor and disregard of the claims of the creditor. A cry was raised for exempting the debtor from all punishment whatever; and, disgusted with imprisonment for life, they demanded the abolition of imprisonment for any period or under any circumstances. The happy medium has yet to be discovered. It seems to us that the principle which should govern any law of debtor and creditor, at once just and humane, must be based upon the distinction between debts contracted with fair prospect of the means of payment, and debts contracted fraudulently or with the improvidence that savours of fraud. We would visit with severe punishment all fraud in the contraction of a debt; with lesser punishment gross improvidence; and only permit those debtors to go unpunished who had reasonable prospect of payment when the debt was incurred, and whose insolvency was in truth a misfortune, and not a fault. Keeping in view this principle, many of the difficulties that have encompassed the question would be avoided.

Mr. ROWCROFT'S *Chronicles of the Fleet* are directed against imprisonment for debt, the injustice and mischief of which he illustrates by a series of tales written with great power and full of interest. But they have one very serious defect: they are a few years too late. The mischief against which they are directed no longer exists; the very Fleet Prison which has given them a title and suggested the theme has been swept away. Therefore do we feel as we read that there is a waste of ingenuity upon a defunct topic; argument is dull when the object of the contest is already attained; the question is determined, the problem is solved, imprisonment for debt is no more, and it does strike one as labour lost to peruse a thousand pages or so directed to prove that a change ought to be made which really has been made. But if this palpable defect can be excused, the reader will find a great deal that will interest him in these

*Chronicles.* It is impossible not to sympathize with the misfortunes of "The Ruined Merchant," told so feelingly and wrought with so much power and artistic skill. "The Turnkey's Daughter" is a clever narrative, with the one fault of a little too much of melodramatic exaggeration in parts; and the same remarks apply to "The Young Noble." Mr. ROWCROFT appears to have taken great pains to learn the manners of the debtors' prison, its peculiar society, and the singular characters who have from time to time dwelt within its dreary walls. These, too, are of permanent value, although his arguments are no longer available.

## POETRY.

*Poems.* By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. London, 1847.  
Chapman, Brothers.

PHILOSOPHY and Poetry are nearer of kin than they are commonly accounted. The true Poet is the profoundest Philosopher; the sagest Philosopher breathes the sublimest Poetry. He may not be a master of the mechanism of verse; unskilled he may be in the rhymester's craft; these are not poetry, but only its outward vestments and decorations; the spirit that is the life of poetry lies in the thoughts, and exists and glows, however coarsely clothed, and whether expressed in the plain garb of prose, or in the musical accents of verse.

EMERSON is undoubtedly a Philosopher, and, therefore, he is also a Poet. And they who have read his "Essays," so rich, not alone in poetical thought, but in poetical language, will not be surprised to receive from him a volume of Poetry in proper lyrical form, nor to learn that, whereas in his previous publications he has scattered poetry throughout his philosophy, so here he has preached his philosophy in poetry.

But while cordially admitting EMERSON'S right to the title of a Philosopher, we must express regret that he has not answered the expectation excited by his first efforts. He began with distinct and definite views; he has plunged so far into the mystical that he has fairly lost his way; he is begirt with fog and mist; his mind is obfuscated; and having substituted vague, shapeless dreams for clear ideas, his language has come to reflect the confusion of his thoughts, and he fails to make himself intelligible to his readers simply because he does not clearly comprehend his own views. The second series of his Essays was vastly inferior to the first, both in thought and in composition, and it is with sorrow that we see in these poems a repetition of the vagueness mistaken for grandeur, and mysticism for profundity, which has unhappily clouded the brilliancy of a career that opened so hopefully.

There are in this volume unmistakeable evidences of genius; the soul of the poet flashes out continually; and the hand of the poet is seen often. Nevertheless, it is not a work that will become popular: these rhymes will never pass into the hearts of men, to mould their thoughts, and be a part of their language. They will be read as a curiosity, and for the name's sake of their author, but they will not linger in the memory, or be turned to again and again, or placed among the gems of song in the collections of "Beauties of the Poets," which everybody deems it a duty to possess, even if they never read them.

And the reason is, that the defects of his most recent lucubrations in philosophy are apparent in his poetry, and that the vagueness of the thoughts is not compensated by the mechanical excellence so often accepted for poetry. Perhaps the poet had a meaning in many of these lyrics, but certainly it is unintelligible to his readers. And it is no excuse that we might find it if we would search deep enough, and exercise sufficient patience. A poet has no right so to tax his reader's brain. A poem is not a problem to be solved like a thesis in the mathe-

matics : it is not even an argument to be pursued with logical precautions. The business of the poet is not to *prove*, but to *preach*. By the help of his high intellect, he must master great truths, and that is his task as philosopher. But when he has found them, his business as poet is simply to proclaim them in worthy language, that shall write them for ever upon the hearts of men.

This glorious mission EMERSON has performed but imperfectly. He is too dreamy in his thoughts and too imperfect in the art of verse-making. In all these two hundred pages we are unable to glean half-a-dozen extracts worthy of his name and fame. Scraps there are, indeed, here and there—scattered images that mark the footsteps of a poet—but the result of the perusal of the whole volume is disappointment, that with such capacities so little has been accomplished.

He opens with a mystical rhyme, entitled "The Sphynx," a fragment of his philosophy, which, amid some better verses, contains such doggerel as this :

The fiend that man harries,  
Is love of the best ;  
Yawns the Pit of the Dragon  
Lit by rays from the Blest.  
The Lethe of Nature  
Can't trace him again,  
Whose soul sees the Perfect,  
Which his eyes seek in vain.

Pride ruined the angels,  
Their shame them restores,  
And the joy that is sweetest  
Lurks in stings of remorse.  
Have I a lover  
Who is noble and free,—  
I would he were nobler  
Than to love me.

Profounder, profounder,  
Man's spirit must dive ;  
To his eye-rolling orbit  
No goal will arrive.  
The heavens that draw him  
With sweetness untold,  
Once found,—for new heavens  
He spurneth the old.

Eterne alternation  
Now follows, now flies,  
And under pain, pleasure,—  
Under pleasure, pain lies.  
Love works at the centre,  
Heart-heaving away ;  
Forth speed the strong pulses  
To the borders of day.

This shews him at his worst in matter and in manner. There are better things, or we should have thrown the book aside with a notice of half-a-dozen lines. Thus, for instance, is there some poetry in

#### THE PROBLEM.

I like a church, I like a cowl,  
I love a prophet of the soul,  
And on my heart monastic aisles  
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles ;  
Yet not for all his faith can see,  
Would I that cowed churchman be.  
Why should the vest on him allure,  
Which I could not on me endure ?

Not from a vain or shallow thought  
His awful Jove young Phidias brought ;  
Never from lips of cunning fell  
The thrilling Delphic oracle ;  
Out from the heart of nature rolled,  
The burdens of the Bible old ;  
The litanies of nations came,  
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,  
Up from the burning core below,  
The canticles of love and woe.  
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,  
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,  
Wrought in a sad sincerity,  
Himself from God he could not free ;  
He builded better than he knew,  
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Knew'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest  
Of leaves and feathers from her breast ;  
Or how the fish outbuilt its shell,  
Painting with morn each annual cell ;  
Or how the sacred pinetree adds  
To her old leaves new myriads ?  
Such and so grew these holy piles,  
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.  
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon  
As the best gem upon her zone ;  
And Morning opes with haste her lids  
To gaze upon the Pyramids ;  
O'er England's abbies bends the sky  
As on its friends with kindred eye ;  
For out of Thought's interior sphere  
These wonders rose to upper air,  
And nature gladly gave them place,  
Adopted them into her race,

And granted them an equal date  
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass,  
Art might obey but not surpass.  
The passive Master lent his hand  
To the vast soul that o'er him planned,  
And the same power that reared the shrine,  
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.  
Even the fiery Pentecost  
Girds with one flame the Countless host,  
Trances the heart through chanting quires,  
And through the priest the mind inspires.  
The word unto the prophet spoken  
Was writ on tables yet unbroken ;  
The word by seers or sibyls told  
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,  
Still floats upon the morning wind,  
Still whispers to the willing mind.  
One accent of the Holy Ghost  
The heedless world hath never lost.  
I know what say the Fathers wise,  
The Book itself before me lies,  
Old *Chrysostom*, best Augustine,  
And he who bleat both in his line,  
The younger *Golden-lips* or mines,  
Taylor, the Shakspeare of divines,  
His words are music in my ear,  
I see his cowed portrait dear,  
And yet for all his faith could see,  
I would not the good bishop be.

Better still, because he has descended from his stilts, and condescends to utter the impulses of the natural man, is this address to

#### THE HUMBLE BEE.

Burly dozing humble bee !  
Where thou art is clime for me.

Let them sail for Porto Rique,  
Far off heats through seas to seek,

I will follow thee alone,  
Thou animated torrid-zone !  
Zig-zag steerer, desert-cheerer,  
Let me chase thy waving lines,  
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,  
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,  
Joy of thy dominion !  
Sailor of the atmosphere,  
Swimmer though the waves of air,  
Voyager of light and noon,  
Epicurean of June,  
Wait I prithe, till I come  
Within ear shot of thy hum,—  
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May  
days,  
With a net of shining haze,  
Sifts the horizon wall,  
And, with softness touching  
all,

Tints the human countenance  
With a colour of romance,  
And, infusing subtle heats,  
Turns the sod to violets,  
Thou in sunny solitudes,  
Rover of the underwoods,  
The green silence dost displace,  
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,  
Sweet to me thy drowsy tane,

Telling of countless sunny hours,  
Long days, and solid banks of  
flowers,  
Of gulfs of sweetness without  
bound  
In Indian wildernesses found,  
Of Syrian peace, immortal  
leisure,  
Firmest cheer and bird-like  
pleasure.

Aught unsavoury or unclean,  
Hath my insect never seen,  
But violets and bilberry bells,  
Maple sap and daffodils,  
Grass with green flag half-mast  
high,  
Succory to match the sky,  
Columbine with horn of honey,  
Scented fern, and agrimony,  
Clover, catchfly, adders-tongue,  
And briar-roses dwelt among ;  
All beside was unknown waste,  
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,  
Yellow-breeched philosopher !  
Seeing only what is fair,  
Sipping only what is sweet,  
Thou dost mock at fate and care,  
Leave the chaff and take the  
wheat.

When the fierce north-western  
blast  
Cools sea and land so far and  
fast,  
Thou already slumberest deep,—  
Wo and want thou canst out-  
sleep,—

Want and wo which torture us,  
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

Equally pretty and fanciful is

#### THE HOUSE.

There is no architect  
Can build as the muse can ;  
She is skillful to select  
Materials for her plan ;

Slow and warily to choose  
Rafters of immortal pine,  
Or cedar incorruptible,  
Worthy her design,

She threads dark Alpine forests ;  
Or valleys by the sea, [steps,  
In many lands, with painful  
Ere she can find a tree.

She ransacks mines and ledges,  
And quarries every rock,  
To hew the famous adamant,  
For each eternal block,



She lays her beams in music,  
In music every one,  
To the cadence of the whirling  
world  
Which dances round the sun.

That so they shall not be dis-  
placed,  
By lapses or by wars,  
But for the love of happy souls  
Outlive the newest stars.

We reserve the best for the last, that the reader may rise with kindly impressions towards the labours of one who, with all his faults, has not only enlarged the boundaries of thought in himself, but has performed the still more important service of making others think. It is very much in the best manner of COLERIDGE. It is entitled

## BLIGHT.

Give me truths,

For I am weary of the surfaces,  
And die of inanition. If I knew  
Only the herbs and simples of the wood,  
Rue, cinquefoil, gill, vervain, and pimpinell,  
Blue-vetch, and trillium, hawk-weed, sassafras,  
Milkweeds, and murky brakes, quaint pipes and sundew,  
And rare and virtuous roots, which in these woods  
Draw untold juices from the common earth,  
Untold, unknown, and I could surely spell  
Their fragrance, and their chemistry apply  
By sweet affinities to human flesh,  
Driving the foe and stablishing the friend,—  
O that were much, and I could be a part  
Of the round day, related to the sun,  
And planted world, and full executor  
Of their imperfect functions.  
But these young scholars who invade our hills,  
Bold as the engineer who fells the wood,  
And travelling often in the cut he makes,  
Love not the flower they pluck, and know it not,  
And all their botany is Latin names.  
The old men studied magic in the flower,  
And human fortunes in astronomy,  
And an omnipotence in chemistry,  
Preferring things to names, for these were men,  
Were unitarians of the united world,  
And whosoever their clear eyebeams fell,  
They caught the footsteps of the SAME. Our eyes  
Are armed, but we are strangers to the stars,  
And strangers to the mystic beast and bird,  
And strangers to the plant and to the mine;  
The injured elements say, Not in us;  
And night and day, ocean and continent,  
Fire, plant, and mineral say, Not in us,  
And haughtily return us stare for stare.  
For we invade them impiously for gain,  
We devastate them unreligiously,  
And coldly ask their pottage, not their love.  
Therefore they shove us from them, yield to us  
Only what to our griping toil is due;  
But the sweet affluence of love and song,  
The rich results of the divine consents  
Of man and earth, of world beloved and lover,  
The nectar and ambrosia are withheld;  
And in the midst of spoils and slaves, we thieves  
And pirates of the universe, shut out  
Daily to a more thin and outward rind,  
Turn pale and starve. Therefore to our sick eyes,  
The stunted trees look sick, the summer short,  
Clouds shade the sun, which will not tan our hay.  
And nothing thrives to reach its natural term,  
And life, shorn of its venerable length,  
Even at its greatest space, is a defeat,  
And dies in anger that it was a dupe,  
And, in its highest noon and wantonness,  
Is early frugal like a beggar's child:  
With most unhandsome calculation taught,  
Even in the hot pursuit of the best aims  
And prizes of ambition, checks its hand,  
Like Alpine cataracts, frozen as they leaped,  
Chilled with a miserly comparison  
Of the toy's purchase with the length of life.

A note at the beginning states, that this volume has been printed from the author's manuscript, and is therefore a copyright. It is very elegantly got up, as poetry always will be by a publisher of taste.

*Christmas and Christmas Carols.* London: Sharpe.  
A most welcome publication is this. It is a collection of Christmas Carols, with introductory remarks on the

history of that peculiar lyric. They are profusely illustrated by woodcuts of great beauty, from designs, having very much of the manner of the old masters. This publication is quite original in its conception and its execution, and, if only on that account, deserves support. But it will amply reward the purchaser.

## SCIENCE.

*The Cream of Scientific Knowledge. A Note-Book of General Information, &c.* A new edition, enlarged.  
By the Rev. G. N. WRIGHT. London, 1846. Tegg and Co.

THIS is a kind of pocket cyclopædia of science, designed to supply just such information as a student ought to master before he enters formally upon any branch of natural philosophy. It is arranged in alphabetical order, and a short and familiar account is given of each term, and, where necessary, the explanation is made more intelligible by illustrative woodcuts.

## EDUCATION.

*Histories from Scripture, for Children, exemplified by appropriate Domestic Tales.* By Miss J. GRAHAM and Miss STRICKLAND. Third Edition. London: Dean and Co.

A COLLECTION of pretty stories, directed to a useful purpose, written in a pleasing manner, and in their incidents well calculated to excite an interest in children. Each tale is illustrated with a clever engraving, by S. WILLIAMS. It will be an excellent addition to the nursery library.

*The Wonders of Astronomy.* London: Cradock and Co.

THIS is one of a series of instructive works now in course of publication under the title of the "New Library of Useful Knowledge." It presents, in a popular form, the most interesting modern discoveries in that attractive science, and it may be advantageously added to the school library.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Railway Liabilities. The Liabilities of Provisional Committees, as determined in the Court of Exchequer, in the case of Reynell v. Lewis, with a full Report of the Judgment, and its application to the Litigation now pending.* By EDWARD W. COX, Esq. Barrister-at-Law. London, 1847. Law Times Office, 29, Essex-street.

THIS pamphlet is addressed to the public as well as to the Profession—at least, to that very large portion of the public who involved themselves in liabilities during the mania of 1845. The author's design is, first, to present a correct report of the judgment in the leading case in which the judges determined the principles upon which the railway litigation was to be decided; then he proceeds to educe the rules there laid down, then to shew their application to the various circumstances of the litigation pending and threatened, with the arguments that might be fairly urged upon a jury; and concluding with a summary of the evidence required to maintain an action of the class under consideration. Its utility will best be judged from this outline of its contents.

*Oliver and Boyd's New Edinburgh Almanac for 1847.*  
Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

A VERY model of a year-book. This is the eleventh volume, and improvements have been made with every

succeeding publication. It contains an enormous mass of information, especially relating to the statistics of Scotland, much of which it would be difficult to obtain elsewhere.

*A Proposed Plan for the Equalization of the Poor Rates, &c. &c.* By G. L. HUTCHINSON. London: Hansard.

MR. HUTCHINSON has here broached a systematic plan for carrying out a principle which is undoubtedly making rapid progress in public estimation, and which at no distant time must be adopted with more or less of modification. It is that of abolishing altogether the complications, injustice, and costliness of the law of settlement, to raise a national poor-rate, by an equal assessment of all property, and to distribute the fund by local boards under the supervision of a central authority. The details are illustrated by abundance of statistics, got up with vast labour, and which will be found extremely useful when the subject of Poor Law Reform comes on for discussion and decision.

#### JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

Paul Gerhard. *Ein Kirchengesellschaftliches Lebensbild aus der Zeit des Grossen Kurfürsten.* Von E. A. WILDENHAHN. Leipzig.

Paul Gerhard. *An Ecclesiastical Sketch from the time of the Great Kurfürsten.* In two Parts.

THE author of this successful work is already well known and appreciated in the reading world by former publications, especially by one entitled "Leben und Sterben, Mittheilungen aus dem Tagebuch eines Geistlichen." "Life and Death, or Passages from the Diary of a Priest," and yet more by one approaching nearer to the style of the present. "PH. J. SPENER. Eine Geschichte Vergangener Zeit für die unsener;" "A History of Past Times for our Own." He now offers to us a "Picture of Life," one which we acknowledge instantly to be true and striking, but which we cannot, with equal decision, pronounce to be historical. For although the historical element is manifest throughout, and the sources of the facts represented are neither withheld nor misstated, yet the romantic ingredients usurp so much space and influence, that we cannot rank this combination of truth and fiction under any other class than that of the historical romance; and the author, indeed, seems not to lay strong claim to any other estimation for his work.

It is a common but a very mistaken idea, to suppose that truth and fiction are necessarily opposed. Such is not the case. Fiction, if of the proper kind, has also its truth, an ideal and, at the same time, a real truth, that by no means might be called an historical one. Besides, these sketches are no where wanting in historical truth, seeing that the spirit and character of the hero who is brought before us, and the chief figures who are involved in the progress of events, not less than the individual tone of the age to which they belong, are represented with a truth which every one must feel. Some valid objections may, indeed, be urged against this blending of the historical with the imaginary truth, as we here find it. There is no doubt that the romance writer, as well as the dramatist, is at full liberty to seize upon any historical personages, and to represent them speaking and acting in all poetical truth, without being bound down to the historically confirmed facts; but where the biographical essence so much predominates that the ideal plays only a subordinate part, a species of *lattice-work* is the result, which, half romance and half biography, cannot possibly give satisfaction to strict criticism.

A book, however, without answering all that is demanded of a work of art, may, in other points of view,

be attractive, instructive, and improving; and this applies particularly to the "pictures" under our notice. Before commencing his work, the author has undoubtedly studied his subject well; the historical materials of which use was afterwards to be made have been clearly understood, and appropriated in harmony with that which has resulted from his own invention. His hero, who here proves himself, as he once did in life, to be a true fighter for the faith, has been deputed by the writer in a spirit of earnest love, shewing that his individuality, the foundation of his being and the cause of his exertions, have been truly estimated and sympathized with. Beside him stand his pious and loveable wife—she who has been tried and proved in the fire of many and wearisome sufferings,—and the musical-director Ebeling, the sympathetic composer of his songs; above, the distinguished form of the Prince, and his minister the President Braundenberg, General Schwerin. Beneath them, among those persons who are more involved in the events that follow, are the worthy clothier, Master Gung, an admirable representative of the brave German citizen, and his fine-hearted daughter, Dorothea, a girl who, brought up in goodness and piety, and attached to the Gerhard family, has secured to herself an education beyond the common. On the other side we have the reforming court preacher, Stosch, in whom the hatred of opposite sects and parties, which at that time embittered Calvinists and Lutherans, is a striking characteristic. The bad principle of the book is, however, Stolpe, a private secretary of Schwerin, a fanatic, who, left in early life without father or mother, sent forth into an antagonistic world, oppressed, ill-used, and pitilessly neglected by mankind, becomes early instructed in crime. Every sentiment enlisted against his fellow men, he finds only satisfaction, pleasure and enjoyment in the evil he has it in his power to engender; while the feeling that should have ennobled and purified him, his love for Dorothea, only leads him into deeper errors, and more irreparable crimes.

The story turns, for the most part, upon that bond by the signing of which the Lutheran priesthood bound themselves to withhold from all opposition to and enmity against the Calvinists and their doctrines. Now this command appears either useless or tyrannical; for the dignity of the priesthood, as well as Christian charity, would forbid all manifestation of violent and bitter feeling. But the construction of the formula seemed to limit the freedom of confession, the defence of the Lutheran, and the destruction of the opposing doctrine, and in such manner that many felt compelled by conscience to refuse their signature, and rather to endure deposition and banishment than bring upon themselves the reproach of even the appearance of a denial of their conviction and their duty. In this case, as in all others of a similar nature, the same effects were experienced that have ever attended even the best-intentioned efforts of worldly power to appease party religious feeling, and to damp the passions of the struggles for freedom by dint of force, which, exciting and creating the spirit of martyrdom, can but aggravate the evil.

The writer first leads us, purposely, into an inn, between Berlin and Kolu. There, in the middle of February 1666, a party of Lutheran burghers are assembled round the table, served attentively by the innkeeper; not a joyous, but, in consequence of the condition of the times, rather an earnest and serious assembly. The discourse turns upon this vexatious bond, the burden upon the priesthood in the encroaching severity against those that withstand it, and the real impending dangers to Lutheranism. Master Jung leads the conversation, with much boldness and freedom from restraint, but without thoughtlessness or indiscretion. The music-director, Ebeling, temporises and softens Jung's remarks, and the anxious host, who, for himself, boasts to be above all party feeling, strives his utmost to avert

the dangers which too much liberty of utterance may bring upon himself. Stolpe, who has insinuated himself among them, and pretends to sympathize in the sentiments of the Lutherans, excites them artfully by his bold and well-timed observations to open complaints against the government, and then hastens away to report, with additions, what he has just heard.

In the audience room of General Schwerin, we find him afterwards engaged with the diplomatic court preacher Stosch in intimidating the Lutheran Fromm, who, peacefully inclined, and anxious for unity between the contending parties, has compromised himself through some thoughtless expressions, afterwards exaggerated by Stosch. With him is also a poor country priest, invited here upon some pretext, and now surprised by the demand made for his signature to the bond. Both are firm in refusing to subscribe to it, and receive the notice that they are suspended from their official duties.

We next meet Dorothea, lamenting to the good wife of Paul Gerhard the tone of a love letter she has had from Stolpe, and the mischief he has it in his power to bring upon her father. They are disturbed by the music-director and a singer, who enter with the music to one of Gerhard's songs, "Der wundervolle Ehestand."

We then find Paul Gerhard in the consistorium with the grey-headed Lilius, who terrified for his office, feels impelled, not indeed to sign the bond as it is, but to add a preface, by which he may clear his conscience and still retain his present duties. Earnestly and modestly, Gerhard argues against any compromise on his part, boasts that he has never suffered reproaches or violence for difference of opinion in others to proceed from his lips; and denies not that he has done all in his power to strengthen and invigorate his companions, in their determination to stand by their own conscience and refuse their signatures to a bond by which faith and sincerity are compromised. The gentle address of the president moves him indeed to accept the eight days for reflection which are offered; but at the same time he feels called upon to declare freely that his determination never to sign the bond as it is will, and must ever, remain the same. Thereupon he is informed that he will be dismissed his office, and must prepare also to leave both town and country.

The news of Gerhard's dismissal rouses the spirit of his fellow burghers; once more assembled in the tavern, they are somewhat appeased by Jung, who entreats the magistrate to intercede for them with the prince, and urged on the instant, the petition is written and signed by all present.

Meanwhile Dorothea comforts the mournful but not depressed wife; Ebeling endeavours to beguile her by exhibiting the printed composition to twelve of Gerhard's songs; Gerhard himself appears, and expresses his determination to abide by his faith, mingled with natural grief at the loss of so much external good. Thirty good burghers enter and offer their sympathy in his misfortunes; he quiets their lamentations and they all join in a religious hymn. Thus calmed, each returns to his home; but Stolpe has watched and noted this proceeding, and pleased himself by contemplating it (being forbidden) as another instrument in his hands.

Again the burghers assemble in the tavern, more numerous, more violent than before. The friendly efforts of the magistrate have been in vain; the princely answer is rough and ungracious, and when read in the assembly, rouses violent indignation. Once more Jung prepares another petition, more urgent, more touching than the last, and undertakes, when signed, to deliver it himself.

The burghermaster, Tiefenbach, a sensible and well-meaning Lutheran, proceeds to Cleves, where the Prince was remaining, as deputy from the magistrate. He is

accompanied by his wife, Master Jung, and Dorothea. Stolpe is likewise there and offers his services. Tiefenbach has an audience of the Prince, is stormed with reproaches, and summarily dismissed.

While Dorothea rests alone in the inn, Stolpe makes his way thither, informs her of the impending arrest of her father, and promises to save him, if she will but suffer him to address her when in Berlin. He is repulsed from her as well as from her father; the order of arrest is issued, and it is only with great difficulty that Tiefenbach, by becoming security for Jung, succeeds in enabling him to return home unaccompanied by the officers of justice. In Berlin the arrest takes place, and Dorothea sits mourning by the sick bed of Paul Gerhard's wife, until she suddenly adopts the resolution to free her father, who has already been in confinement for three weeks, from his prison. She promises her hand, therefore, to the music-director, Ebeling, who has long loved her, if he will give her all his aid in liberating her father, and Ebeling is happy to promise her all she desires. Accompanied by him, Dorothea waits upon the president, who, while Stolpe endeavours to make the audience dependent on her friendly demeanour towards himself, unexpectedly appears, and receives her with much kindness. Dorothea communicates to him with genuine eloquence the animosity of the private secretary, and petitions earnestly for the delivery of her father. She returns home full of hope, and ere long the father follows her and blesses the betrothed couple.

In the next consistorial assembly the provost Fromm defends himself against the malicious insinuations of the court preacher, firmly refuses his signature to the paper, and finally is dismissed from his charge. He, therefore, leaves Berlin, and hastens to Wittenberg. Paul Gerhard meantime watches beside the bed of his sick wife, and finds himself all at once without the means of procuring her even strengthening nourishment; but Dorothea helps them in this time of need, and the good burghers also offer their assistance so generously that Gerhard cannot refuse it. He is soon, however, called away to the death-bed of the aged Lilius, who, stung by his conscience for the compromise he made in tendering his signature, desires comfort and consolation in his last hour. Gerhard befriends him to the utmost of his power, and is about to offer him the last sacrament, when he remembers that he is forbidden to perform that or any other duty of his former office. He seeks the assistance of the Deacon Lorence, and in their hands the old man dies. Over his corpse the friends vow eternal fidelity to themselves and their faith.

In the second part, the author leads us into the chamber of the pious Princess Louise Henrietta, who, unsolicited, petitions her husband in favour of the sufferer, whom she respects so highly; and not without good result. The same day Paul Gerhard receives from the Duke of Saxe zen Menseberg an offer of a pulpit, which, although strongly urged to accept, and daily more wounded by his exemption from duty, he feels bound to reject, because in his own mind he does not deem himself completely separated from his beloved flock. While discoursing on the subject with his still indisposed wife, a secretary of the Prince appears bringing, instead of the dreaded sentence of banishment, the friendly intelligence that the Prince restores him to his former position, without demanding the signature of the bond; judging that, without this compulsion, Gerhard, as an honest and upright man, will not act against the established edicts. This insidious intimation immediately disturbs the happiness of the conscientious priest; for it is precisely those edicts which are against his belief and his honour. The burghers rejoice over the turn affairs have taken, and pass the day in praising the Prince, and, yet more, the Princess; also in relating tales of the good old times.

The following day Paul Gerhard preaches, but, being



uneasy in his conscience, with so little pleasure that his powers appear utterly broken, and many of his friends flock around him to inquire the source of his sorrow. He conceals neither from them, and when Giefenbach appears and hears all that agitates the worthy man, so that he decides never to ascend the pulpit again until he is freed from all implied obedience to commands he cannot openly subscribe to, he promises to ask the magistrate to intercede once more for him with the Prince. A few days after this Ebeling and Dorothea are betrothed; Stolpe appears in the assembly, but the ceremony is performed, without disturbance, by Gerhard. Giefenbach's intercession with the Prince is of no avail, and command is given, if Gerhard resigns his charge, to search for another and more efficient preacher.

A letter, written in evident distress, comes to Dorothea; it is from Stolpe, begging her forgiveness on his death-bed. She goes to attend him, and he dies, confessing that he had planned her destruction on the day of her marriage, but that accident had interposed.

Another trial is prepared for Gerhard in the loss of his wife, in 1668. The account of her death moments, and the husband's grief, evidence a powerful and sympathetic mind. Paul Gerhard finds, to the last, aid and affection in the Gung family. Here closes this "Life." An appendix informs us how the Prince finally moderated his severity, gave freedom to both parties, and promised to all liberty of conscience. Paul Gerhard died at Lubbin in 1676, at the age of 70 years. His son survived him, but of his fate nothing is said.

### JOURNAL OF SOCIAL PROGRESS.

HEALTH OF TOWNS—INSURANCE—FRIENDLY SOCIETIES  
—EDUCATION—INTERMENT IN TOWNS.

At a meeting of the Health of Towns Association, on Wednesday last, Lord Ashley presiding,—Dr. Southwood Smith moved the appointment of a select committee to consider and report upon the provisions of Mr. Mackinnon's Bill for the Prevention of Interment in Large Towns; and he laid before the meeting a correspondence between himself and Mr. Daniel Smith, a surgeon of Minchinhampton, developing the cause of an epidemic fever which had recently ravaged that town—

"Minchinhampton, containing about 800 inhabitants, is built on a considerable elevation, has good natural drainage, and has, till within the last two years, been proverbial for its healthiness. In 1844 many cases of fever occurred, having a uniform typhoid character. There were fewer in 1845; but within the last two months there have been upwards of 150, causing the greatest possible consternation among the residents. In 1843, the church, about five hundred years old, was rebuilt; a great portion of the churchyard was lowered and removed; many bodies being re-interred. An immense quantity of the earth was used as manure on pasture-land close to the town; but a large bank of it (estimated at 500 loads) remains within fifty yards of the town. Some of the earth removed was of an exceedingly dark colour. The street and rectory, both adjoining this mound, first suffered from the ravages of the fever. Ignorance on sanitary matters appears to have prevented the inhabitants, and among them the Rector, from connecting the visitation with the presence of the noxious earth; indeed, the town is split into two parties on the question."

The motion was agreed to unanimously; and a copy of the correspondence was ordered to be forwarded to Mr. Chadwick.

### JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

CANINE SAGACITY.—The *Progrès* of Arras relates the following additional instance of the wonderful instinct of the canine race:—About two months ago a person embarked for Africa, taking with him a sporting dog, given to him by an inhabitant of Arras. But on Thursday week the animal, who had jumped from the packet at Toulon, made his way home again, where he arrived the same day. The dog was seen travelling back through St. Omer, where he was well known.

WONDERFUL METEOR.—LOWELL.—Last evening, about nine o'clock, it became clear, when a most wonderful meteor presented itself in the west, to appearance larger than the sun when going down, throwing a most brilliant light all over this village and county, so that the immense forest to the east be-

came quite visible. Mr. Bostic, the president of the Bank, ex-Senator Dayer, Mr. Balicourt, the postmaster, and Mr. Collins, the lawyer, were standing at my tavern door at the time; but, in fact, nearly all the village saw it, for it remained for five minutes, and appeared to increase in size as it approached from the west. It fell directly in front of us, about 200 yards distant in a plain field, where we all instantly repaired, and found a body of the most fetid jelly, about four feet in diameter, which weighed 442lbs. as ascertained by Dr. Phelps, of the academy, who will send you, or some other paper, a more particular account. The gentleman who takes this letter, will also shew you some of the substance of the meteor.—Justice House (tavern-keeper), Lowville.—*The American Sun*, of Thursday, Nov. 26.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OTTER.—An otter of unusual size and weight, was shot in the river Thames on the 18th instant, near Clewer, by Mr. George Chapman, surgeon, of Windsor. The animal was making for the bank, with a large jack alive in its jaws, when Mr. Chapman fired, and killed it close to the shore. It measured, from its nose to the tip of its tail, between four and five feet, and weighed nearly thirty pounds.

A REMNANT OF THE LAST GENERATION.—Died, at Melksham, on the 14th, at his nephew's, Mr. Newman, George Inn, Mr. John Harding, in his 101st year. The deceased was a native of Bradford, and was born at Barton farm, of which his father was then the occupier. At the death of George II. he was working with his uncle, a hatter, on the Borough-walls, Bath; and was, even lately, wont to describe with much animation the gaieties which took place in that city on the accession of George III. The deceased afterwards carried on business at Marlborough, as a hatter, and, subsequently, as a tanner, at Chippenham; and, since his retirement, has lived in Bath, East Tytherly, and Melksham. He was twice married, but has left no descendants. Till within a few weeks of his death, he retained all his faculties, and in all weathers took his daily walk.—*Berkshire Chronicle*.

### ART.

*Royal Gems from the Galleries of Europe. Engraved after National Pictures of the Great Masters. With Notices, &c. by S. C. HALL, F.S.A. Part X. London: Virtue.*

In the course of the publication of the successive numbers of this beautiful work, we have almost exhausted the language of praise. But with so vast an accession of readers as the new prices and the new year have brought to *THE CRITIC*, we may be excused for repeating, for the information of those who have not been longer acquainted with its pages, what is the design and character of this publication.

The purpose of the *Royal Gems* is to supply the lovers of art with a collection of first-rate engravings after the most famous pictures in the various galleries in Europe, each subject being accompanied by a few pages of letter-press, written by Mr. S. C. HALL, than whom a more competent authority could not be found, giving an account of the picture and the painter, and a critical exposition of its merits. The work has proceeded through ten numbers with great and growing public approval, for it combines with the excellence of the most costly the cheapness of the most trashy engravings. They are, indeed, veritable *Gems*; almost every one of the thirty plates already published might worthily be framed as a choice specimen of art. Another characteristic of this enterprise is the good taste with which the subjects have been selected for the engraver. It is a too common fault to endeavour to transfer to copper a picture that is famous, without considering whether it be in itself adapted for engraving; for it often happens that the most glorious paintings fail to please when stripped of their colour and presented in plain black and white. Now the editor of the *Royal Gems* has shewn sound judgment in avoiding this difficulty, and hence there is scarcely one of the subjects which does not recommend itself to the eye, as well as to the critical taste. The subjects of the number before us are of this happy choice. First, there is a charming picture, "The Sisters," by CARL SOHN, an exquisite specimen of portraiture; next there is MURILLO's famous "Adoration," in the Gallery of the Louvre, engraved with wonderful senti-

ment, by G. PATERSON—a laborious work, worth double the cost of the entire part; lastly, there is a composition called “The Wayfarers,” painted and engraved by T. U. TOPHAM, a picturesque scene, but with the fault of being too spotty; the eye is not sufficiently attracted to some point. In other respects it is clever.

*The Christian in Palestine; or, Scenes in Sacred History, from Sketches by W. H. BARTLETT. Descriptions by HENRY STEBBING, D.D. Part IX. London: Virtue.*

THIS also is a new part of a work which has been often noticed here during its progress. It is a series of views of the Holy Land, taken with the eye, as well as the hand, of a true artist, and engraved with spirit and skill. Its price is very moderate, each part containing four large engravings; the subjects in that now before us being “Mount Gerizim, and the Vale of Nablous,” “Gibleah, from Michmarsh,” a wild desolate scene; a “Fair at Khan a Tujjar;” and, most interesting of all, the “Tombs in the Valley of Jehoshaphat.”

The Royal Scottish Academy of the Fine Arts has elected as associates of its body Mr. John Noel Paton, whose cartoon of “The Spirit of Religion” obtained one of the 200l. prizes at the Government competition; Mr. A. H. Ritchie, the author of the sculpture which decorates the exterior of the Physicians’ Hall, and Commercial Bank, in Edinburgh; and Mr. Gourlay Steele, the portrait and animal painter.

## MUSIC.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**—The committee of professors appointed to examine candidates for the King’s Scholarship, having recommended Miss Sophia Woolf and Master H. C. Banister, they have been elected, and will receive gratuitous musical instruction for two years.

**ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.**—At a general meeting, held on Thursday week, the sum of fifty guineas was voted to be distributed among the distressed persons connected with the musical profession who have no claim on the funds of this excellent institution.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.**—We have announced the appointment of Messrs. Grieve and Telbin as scene painters, but prior to their nomination Signori Ferri and Verardi, the artists of the Theatre Italien, in Paris, had been engaged to paint the drop scenes, and they are now in London for that purpose.

**PRINCESS’S THEATRE.**—Miss Bassano, formerly a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, and Miss A. Romer, a cousin of the Miss Romer, of the same institution, have been engaged, as also Mrs. Hampton, who sings the Irish melodies in perfect style. The appearance of Mdle. Nau will depend on the run of Rossini’s *pasticcio* *Robert Bruce* at the Parisian Grand Opera.

**SIGNOR F. LABLACHE.**—This respected vocalist, after a visit to Naples, where his father has been rustivating for some time past, has returned to London for the season.

**PISCHEK AND STAUDIGL.**—These great artists will be in London for the forthcoming season, but it is now very doubtful whether Pischek will appear at Her Majesty’s Theatre, having found that the Italian language and style are opposed to his own German school of vocalisation.

**MEYERBEER.**—The composer of the *Huguenots*, *Robert le Diable*, &c. was present at the performance of Mozart’s *Don Giovanni*, on the 12th instant, at the Court Theatre, and was recognised and cheered by the audience. He has engaged a chorus of 100 voices, and three military bands, besides the usual orchestra, for his *Camp of Silesia*, in which Jenny Lind was to appear in her original part of *Vielka*. She is engaged for twenty representations, at about 104l. per night.

**HER MAJESTY’S THEATRE.**—The *Revue et Gazette Musicale* announces that M. Panofka, the violinist, has been engaged to watch over the artistical interests (*surveiller les intérêts artistiques*) of her Majesty’s Theatre. It is not explained what this department is, but M. Panofka, it is added, has rendered the director signal services in the re-organisation of his personnel, which, we take, means that M. Panofka has aided in engaging principals, chorus, and band, in place of the seceders.

## THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

As usual, the Christmas holidays have brought with them a flood of entertainments far too numerous for separate criticism; we must, therefore, be content briefly to notice the endeavours of each to cater for the holiday folk.

**DRURY-LANE** has produced a pantomime, entitled *St. George and the Dragon*, whose name betrays its subject. The legend has, of course, been unceremoniously twisted to serve the purpose of the playwright, but with excellent effect, for the introductory story is admirably told, and the scenery is first-rate. The pantomime is not so lively, or, perhaps, we do not feel the same interest as we once did in this sort of entertainment, but certainly we could not laugh at some of the jokes, and the whole appeared too long. The defect, however, will doubtless be amended. Still, as a revival of the genuine old-fashioned Christmas pantomime, Drury-lane should be visited by all lovers of fun and frolic, of which there is abundance, and some clever hits at the fashions and follies of the day.

**THE HAYMARKET** has been, as usual, supplied by Mr. PLANCHE with one of his clever burlesques, called *Prince Lutin*, founded on a fairy tale, by the Countess D’ANOIS. As in his previous productions of this class, he has preserved the story admirably, and introduced abundance of the happiest burlesque, in which folly is ridiculed in a series of smart rhyming dialogues. The *mise en scene* is very splendid, and it is one of the most attractive of the Christmas spectacles.

**THE PRINCESS’S THEATRE.**—The liberal and enterprising management is lavish in its catering. *Blanche de Valmy* has been revived for the occasion. The Christmas piece is a pantomime entitled *The Enchanted Beauties of the Golden Castle; or Harlequin and the One-eyed Geni*, which mingles burlesque, and song and beautiful scenery and gorgeous decoration and tasteful tableaux with lavish profusion. Indeed, as a spectacle, this is the most splendid and attractive production of the season, and should not fail to be visited by all play-goers. The pantomime part of it has the usual quantity of practical jokes and satirical fun, but its strength lies in the introduction, which almost deserves the title of magnificent.

**THE LYCEUM**, besides dramatizing the Christmas tale of DICKENS, of which a notice has already appeared in THE CRITIC, has produced *The Butterfly’s Ball*, a light but pleasant pantomime in which good intentions were more apparent than success. This is the first attempt of the Lyceum to introduce pantomime, and we are glad that it has not been quite a triumphant one, because we prefer to see its stage occupied with that delightful class of drama, mingling spectacle and burlesque, fairy tale and present times which it had made peculiarly its own, and of which we hope to see a speedy revival.

**THE ADELPHI** has brought out a new drama entitled *Colomba, the Corsican Sister*, of the melodramatic caste, for which this theatre has been ever famous. The scene, as the name indicates, is laid in Corsica, and its purpose is to illustrate the undying spirit of revenge that prevails among the people. The story we have not space now to describe, but it is well worked up and admirably played, WRIGHT, as the cockney servant, sustaining the humour of the piece with unflagging spirit. It was entirely successful, and will reward a visit.

**SADLER’S WELLS**, departing under pressure of a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance, from the classic drama for which it has won a well-deserved reputation, has descended to pantomime for a season, pleasing the gods with *Harlequin and a Happy New Year, or the White Cat and the King and his Three Sons*. It is, upon the whole, a clever bit of Christmas waggery, with the machinery particularly well managed. But we love Sadler’s Wells too much in its sober buskin to welcome it in the motley of Harlequin.

**THE SURREY THEATRE** has its pantomime also, to wit, *The King of the Castle, or Harlequin in the Land of Dreams*. The novelty of this piece consists in the introduction of *Punch* as the companion, and a very amusing one too, of Messrs. Pantaloon and Clown. His appearance of course multiplies the sources of joke, and gives to the Surrey pantomime the aspect almost of a novelty. The idea is excellent, and might be adopted with advantage by other theatres. We can see no reason why pantomime should not improve as well as every thing else.

**THE ETHIOPIAN SERENADERS**, at St. James’s Theatre, have been a prominent centre of attraction to the Christmas folk. They exerted themselves to the utmost, and were rewarded with uproarious applause.

**THE COLOSSEUM.**—This magnificent place has been thronged, as it deserves to be, for there is nothing to compare with it in Europe. The proprietors, with laudable desire to extend their treat to all classes, have for the season divided the prices, fixing a separate price for each branch of the exhibition,

so as to suit all tastes and all purses. They who have not yet seen should avail themselves of the opportunity for a visit; to those who have seen no recommendation is needed to go again.

**THE WALHALLA.**—Madame WHARTON has got up a series of *Poses plastiques* specially for the young folk in the holidays, intended to illustrate divers historical scenes. We need not say how attractive these have proved.

**THE ADELAIDE GALLERY**, besides the Casino, which led the fashion that has found so many imitators, has provided for the holiday people the TURNER family, those miracles on a small scale, and some new Ethiopians, who imitate the real ones very cleverly.

**HALL OF ROME.**—On Saturday this place, which has been entirely refitted, opened with the now popular *Tableaux vivans*, some representing antique groups, others famous foreign pictures, and others scenes in our own history. A group in the Plague of London was very masterly. This promises to be a most attractive exhibition.

**ST. JAMES'S.**—In consequence, we suppose, of many of the fashionable frequenters of this theatre having gone to spend their holidays in the country, and of the number of domestic parties, it has been very thinly attended. The principal piece has been Molière's comedy, "*L'Ecole des Maris*," a play which, though it does not rank among his masterpieces, is not unworthy of his genius. Two brothers have two young girls, sisters, for wards, whom they are about to marry. The elder brother has brought up his intended with indulgence, and allowed her all the freedom and amusement befitting her youth; the other has kept his ward in a state of restraint and seclusion. The result is, that the one returns the affection of her kind guardian, while the other finds a young lover, with whose help she effectually deceives her Argus, and escapes from his power. The manner in which a simple girl, rendered quick-witted by love, mystifies her guardian, making him the go-between between herself and her lover, is exceedingly amusing; and the dialogue of the piece has much of Molière's wit and wisdom. The play was well acted; Cartigny, especially in the part of *Sganarelle*, the duped guardian, was admirable. It was followed by two little pieces, of one act each, in which Perlet performed. One of them, "*Le Parrain*," was new, we believe, in this country. It turns on the distresses of an old bachelor, penurious and retired in his habits, who is forced into the service of being godfather to the child of a worthy citizen who happens to be his neighbour. The whimsical scrapes in which he is involved, particularly his imaginary discovery of infidelity on the part of his neighbour's wife, was rendered amusing by Perlet's quiet humour; but the part was not worthy of his talents. We could have wished, indeed, during the engagement of this excellent actor, to have seen him in a series of more important characters than in most of those in which he has hitherto appeared.

Among the thousand and one rumours current with regard to Covent Garden on changing its condition (and, possibly, name), we observe a report, which, if not true, deserves to be so,—that, at the close of the Italian season, there is an intention of giving English opera with the same orchestra and chorus. This sounds promising for our instrumentalists, for our composers and for the public.—Our contemporaries declare that Mr. Macready disclaims any intention of again undertaking the cares of theatrical management,—that, on the contrary, he has made arrangements to retire from the stage at the end of two years. They add, that Madame Vestris intends shortly taking leave of the stage, in consequence of bad health. Should this be the case, it is much to be wished that she might still continue "her relations" with the public as directress:—her taste, administration of details, and justice to authors, having been severely missed in the world of amusement. Why not establish a comic opera, under her guidance?—Let us add—while on the chapter of announcements and contradictions—that some of our contemporaries repudiate the idea of Mr. Bunn quitting Drury Lane, relinquishing his separate claim on Mdlle. Lind, or taking office under Mr. Lumley.—*Athenæum*.

## JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

**LOVEJOY'S SELF-ADAPTING METALLIC PEN.**—We have received a packet of these pens, and, having given them a trial, we are enabled from our own experience to confirm the promise of the announcement. They are soft and smooth, and preserve these useful qualities much longer than any other pen we have tried.—(See advertisement.)

**IMPORTANT ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERY.**—At the last meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, Sir William Hamilton stated the probability—in his own mind it amounted almost to a certainty, by a certain mathematical process which he employed—of his having approached, if he did not actually hit, the central sun, the star round which the luminary of our own system

and his satellites revolve. Should this be ascertained demonstratively, the discovery will be certainly the greatest achieved in the present century; although during the period which has elapsed six new planets have been detected, one of them attended by moons, and the last, probably also, as well as Saturn, encircled by a ring.—*Dublin Evening Post*.

**TUNNELLING THE ALPS.**—The *Moniteur Belge* announces that experiments have been made within the last few days in order to test the efficacy of a machine just invented for the purpose of effecting a new and speedy method of boring tunnels. It is proposed to apply this machine to the construction of the great tunnel about to be commenced for one of the Italian lines. The machine was placed in front of the web, and effected a bore to the depth of 18 centimetres in 35 minutes. At this rate the new invention will complete upwards of five metres of bore per day, and the proposed tunnel through Mount Cenis will be finished in the space of three years. The experiments have been repeated twice before several of the first engineers of France, and with the most complete success.

## NECROLOGY.

### DAVID BOOTH, ESQ.

MR. BOOTH was born at Kinnettles, in Forfarshire, on the 9th February, 1766, and was thus, at the time of his death, in his 81st year. He was entirely self-educated, so much so, that he often spoke of his father having only paid eightpence for his instruction, being one quarter at the parish school. In the early part of his life, he followed commercial pursuits, first in his native county, and afterwards in Newburgh, in the county of Fife, where he is still well remembered as the occupant of the brewery at Woodside. It was at Newburgh that his love of literature became that passion which ever afterwards remained the master one of his life. He bade adieu to his previous occupations, and settled in London "a literary man." In describing his life thereafter, we copy from a writing he has left, "I am now (1843) in my 78th year, and during more than fifty of these years have been chiefly employed in writing or in editing literary works. Several of them have been tabular for the counting-room, such as the 'Tradesman's Assistant' and a 'Ready Reckoner,' in 8vo.; and a volume of 'Interest Tables,' in 4to. Others of my works have been miscellaneous, consisting of the 'Art of Wine Making,' 'Reviews,' 'Poems,' &c. the 'Art of Brewing,' published by the Society for Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and the 'Explanation of Scientific Terms,' published by the same society. The only works of mine that can be called political are, 'A Letter to Malthus on the Comparative Statements of the Population of Great Britain in 1801, 1811, and 1821,' and 'An Essay on the English Jury Laws.' My chief literary pursuits, however, have been concerning the English Language, of which I have published a 'Grammar,' and the 'Principles of English Composition;' but the work in which I have built my fondest hopes during the last fifty years, and of which one quarto volume has been published, is entitled 'An Analytical Dictionary of the English Language,' on a new plan of arrangement, in which the words are explained in the order of their natural affinity, or the signification of each traced from its etymology, the present meaning being accounted for when it differs from its former acceptation; the whole exhibiting, in one continued narrative, the origin, history, and modern usage of the existing vocabulary of the English tongue. The portion of the work already published comprehends nearly one-half of the existing vocabulary, and I have materials collected sufficient to complete the work, if life be spared me to carry them through the press." Shortly after writing this notice, Mr. Booth was permanently laid aside from literary labours by repeated apoplectic attacks, and the publication of his great work has never been completed. We understand, however, that the manuscript has been left by him in such a forward state, as to afford good hope of the finished work being yet laid before the public.—*Fife Herald*.

### GIACOMO TOMMASINI.

It is with regret that we have to announce the death of this celebrated man, whose loss is deplored by all men of science in Europe. Giacomo Tommasini, the leader of the counter-irritants system, died at Parma, on the 26th of November last, at the age of sixty-eight years. Apart from his medical attainments, Tommasini acted a conspicuous part in the administration of his country. When Parma fell to France, he was one of the twelve representatives of that capital, and was latterly secretary-general of the prefecture of the department of the Taro. At various times he was delegated by his fellow-citizens to treat on delicate matters with Napoleon, and always succeeded to their satisfaction. The Emperor wished him to join the *corps législatif*,



when the fall of the empire rendered him back to his scientific pursuits. In 1816, he was called to fill the chair of medical professor at Bologna, where he remained fourteen years. On his return to Parma, Marie Louise named him her private physician, and placed him at the head of the sciences in the grand-duchy. Tommasini attended Queen Caroline, and gave his evidence at her trial before the Court of Peers. He was received with great honours in England, especially at Oxford. His works have been translated into most of the modern languages. A few months previous to his death, he published a work on intermittent fevers, which attracted, and still attracts, great attention in England. He was attended to his grave by all the nobilities of Parma, and his coffin was borne by the students of the university.

## JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

### MISS MARTINEAU ON HER TOUR.

18, Upper Gloucester-place, Dec. 16, 1846.

My dear Sir,—I enclose you a few extracts from a letter I have received this morning from my friend (and patient I may call her), Miss Martineau. What a contrast to our fogs and frosty air, to hear of warm sunshine, *coup de soleil*, blue shadows, orange groves, and dazzling radiance! The letter is dated from Alexandria, Nov. 24. Many of your readers, and the public, I may say, are anxious to learn how their favourite authoress is enabled to bear the fatigue of such a journey as she has undertaken; and many other incredulous persons, and even friends of Miss Martineau, are still questioning if Mesmerism be indeed a fact—a real thing, and not a delusion; and are anxious to learn if Miss Martineau still continues to attribute her recovery—"miraculous" recovery, as it would appear—to the agency of Mesmerism; that most mysterious of supposed imponderable influences,—for, even to the more incredulous the facts are startling—that one supposed to be dying, a person of a failing constitution from her childhood, and who always found travelling to be a great effort, and fatigue, and weariness, that she was seldom or ever able to enjoy the passing scene, but always hoping for some ease and comfort in the next stage or the next county—a hope which was never realized; that she who, in the end, had suffered for five long years, confined to her room, unable to stir but from her bed to her sofa, and that with pain and difficulty, nor able to endure life at all, but by the help of the most powerful and deadening opiates; the case being clear, defined, and most palpable and so declared to be hopeless and incurable by the highest medical authority in such cases in the country—Sir C. M. Clarke—and who still declares the facts to be undeniable; that such a one, then, in so hopeless a condition, should, nevertheless, be made to rise up from her bed, and not only regain all her former health, but, in fact, become, by the help and influence of this life-giving power—this spur to the vital energies—as she had never been in her life before, or ever hoped to be; quite well in every respect, and strong to walk her ten miles, over mountains, as she has done with me, without fatigue, and, ever buoyant, enabled to enjoy the pleasant thrill of healthful existence, and to bear the excitement and labour of travelling, for weeks together, by sea and land, with a thousand times more zest, and with less exhaustion than the rest of her party, and average of mortals; that such should be the case, except by a miracle, is beyond belief, still urge these same incredulous, though most kindly disposed and well-meaning individuals, but rush on in their impetuous presumptuous fool-wisdom where angels might fear to tread, doubtful of their own power to judge, even by the light of knowledge, but who, moving gently on, wait patiently the result of a full inquiry and further experience. The vital powers of nature lie deep—work silently and obscurely—and do not blaze out in the sunlight to the senseless gaze of the careless passer by; but to judge without knowledge—knowledge of our own weakness, as well as of the powers of nature, as these are recognized in their effects, or to strive to dictate, to deny, and thus to measure out the law, truly savours of the ridiculous.

But, as touching my friend's health and present opinion with regard to her case, I leave her to speak for herself. She was ill—she was powerless—she was hopeless of a world future. Reverse the picture: the clouds pass away, for the sun shines, and all is life and joy, force and energy—she is well, she is strong—she is happy, and now ready for good work, and already actively engaged in doing the world service; for her

journey to the east is no idle effort. And here let me pause, though at some future time, and in due season, I shall perhaps furnish for the thoughtful, and those for whom they may have interest, some important facts relating to Miss Martineau's recovery as connected with similar matters. In the mean time let those enjoy faith to whom faith is given; and, for the rest, may they be tolerant and patient, truthful and inquiring, knowing their own insignificance and the power of God; for, said Lord Bacon, "the voice of nature will consent, whether the voice of man do or not."

With every earnest wish for the success of your exertions in the cause of truth and of humanity during another year,

My dear Sir,

Believe me, in sincerity,

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

(*Passages from Miss Martineau's Letters.*)

"This travelling is charming work, gay, profitable, wholesome, noble; and all we hear of the Desert and Palestine sounds more and more delightful. You have already heard of our bad voyages; they will pass away from our minds with the November which caused them. All since has been summer-like and glorious. We meet for a little cup of coffee at eight a.m. I having watched before, from my windows, the golden sun of Africa strike the minaret opposite, and flood the square, and cast shadows from the camels, and Turks, and Arabs, and all the odd mortals that there do congregate. Then out we go, sniffing the fresh, cool, morning air, and seeking the chance shadow of any wall. Our umbrellas are covered with brown holland to save us from a *coup de soleil*. One morning we went to Cleopatra's Needle; another, to Pompey's Pillar; yesterday to the fine garden and pavilion of a Greek gentleman, where the Pashas breakfast sometimes; and, to-day, I got my wish.

"We came home to breakfast at half-past ten—a *table d'hôte* meal—then out, sight seeing; home to rest and dress, and out to dinner at some Frank house at half-past six, ending the day with feasting and fun. I am now going out to dinner in my travelling dress, all our things being packed off to Cairo, and we are to follow early in the morning, on a somewhat tedious and fatiguing voyage (we are told) of forty-eight hours. But I can't yet conceive of tedium here—such an air to breathe!—such an atmosphere to look through! One must try it to believe how the human eye may see. The shadows on the latteen rails are blue; the green of the gardens dazzles the eye like radiance. This charm is everywhere, of course; and there are palms and oleanders in fruit and flower every where; and hedges of hybiscus and convolvulus, and tamarisk; and thickets of lemons and oranges; and an unfathomable sky over all.

And again—"But O! I love to get away from these scenes (in the palace), and even from the fine groups in the streets, and turn into some cool garden, whose door kindly stands open." And then follows a most charming and picturesque description of scenery and objects so clear and truthful that I could paint from her words almost as though I were by her side, and had nature before me. But I must not forestal what I hope your readers may see in proper shape on my friend's return, who ends her letter by declaring that "she is certainly up to more than any of the party, and has indeed no sense of fatigue." "I will write once more before we leave Cairo. Good night, my dear friend. You ought to enjoy this journey for me, for I should never have been here but for you." And too happy then am I in being the instrument of such a work; and if the illness, and means of cure and all be indeed but a dream, then I say of such stuff let life be made—it is our best reality, and I desire no other.

### A NEW MEANS OF RENDERING SURGICAL OPERATIONS PAINLESS.

(From No. XLV. of the *British and Foreign Medical Review*. Edited by John Forbes, M.D., F.R.S.)

Just as our last proof was passing through our hands, we received from our medical friends in Boston the account of a matter so interesting to surgeons, and indeed to every one, that we take the opportunity of introducing it here. We know nothing more of this new method of eschewing pain than what is contained in the following extracts from two private letters, kindly written to us by our excellent friends, Dr. Ware and Dr. Warren, of Boston—both men of the highest eminence in their profession

in America—and, we may truly say, in Europe also. The authors of the discovery are Dr. C. T. Jackson and Dr. Morton.

"Boston, Nov. 29.

"I found, on my arrival here, a new thing in the medical world, or rather the new application of an old thing, of which I think you will like to hear. It is a mode rendering patients insensible to the pain of surgical operations, by the inhalation of the vapour of the strongest sulphuric ether. They are thrown into a state nearly resembling that of complete intoxication from ardent spirits, or of narcotism from opium. This state continues but a few minutes—five to ten—but during it the patient is insensible to pain. A thigh has been amputated, a breast extirpated, teeth drawn, without the slightest suffering. The number of operations of various kinds, especially those in dentistry, has been very considerable, and I believe but few persons resist the influence of the agent.

"The effect is not exactly the same on all. In some the insensibility is entire, and the patient is aware of nothing which is going on; in others a certain degree of the power of perception remains, the patient knows what the operator is doing, perceives him, for example, take hold of a tooth and draw it out, feels the grating of the instrument, but still has no pain.

"There are no subsequent ill effects to detract from the value of this practice, none even so great as those which follow a common dose of opium. One person told me she had some unpleasant sensations in the head for a short time, and was weak, languid, and faintish through the day, but not more so than she ordinarily was from having a tooth drawn. Another told me he experienced something of the same kind, and, in addition, that his breath smelt very strongly of ether for forty-eight hours, and was indeed so strongly impregnated with it as to effect the air of the room in which he sat, so as to be disagreeable to others.

"One of our best operative surgeons informs me that he regards it as chiefly applicable to cases of the large and painful operations which are performed rapidly, and do not require any very nice dissection; but that for the more delicate operations, which require some time, he would prefer to have the patient in his usual state. But it is impossible at present to judge what will be the limits to the application of such an agent. Objections may arise of which we do not dream, and evils may be found to follow, which we do not now perceive. Still it certainly promises much in surgery, and perhaps may be capable of application for other purposes besides the alleviation of pain. Would it not be worthy of trial in tetanus, in asthma, and in various cases of violent internal pain, especially from supposed spasms?

"It was brought into use by a dentist, and is now chiefly employed by that class of practitioners. He has taken out a patent for the discovery, and has despatched persons to Europe to secure one there also; so you will soon hear of it, and probably have an opportunity of witnessing its effects.

"Faithfully yours, "JOHN WARE,"

Since the above was in type, we have seen a more extended communication on the same subject, published by Dr. Bigelow in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*. The more material parts of this we hasten to extract:—

"It remains briefly to describe the purpose of inhalation by the new method, and to state some of its effects. A small two-necked glass globe contains the prepared vapour, with sponges to enlarge the evaporating surface. One aperture admits the air to the interior of the globe, whence, charged with vapour, it is drawn through the second into the lungs. The inspired air thus passes through the bottle, but the expiration is diverted by a valve in the mouthpiece, and escaping into the apartment is thus prevented from vitiating the medicated vapour.

"A boy of 16, of medium stature and strength, was seated in the chair. The first few inhalations occasioned a quick cough, which afterwards subsided; at the end of eight minutes the head fell back and the arms dropped, but owing to some resistance in opening the mouth, the tooth could not be reached before he awoke. He again inhaled for two minutes, and slept three minutes, during which time the tooth, an inferior molar, was extracted. At the moment of extraction the features assumed an expression of pain, and the hand was raised. Upon coming to himself he said he had had 'a first-rate dream—very quiet—and had dreamed of Napoleon; had not the slightest consciousness of pain; the time had seemed long;' and he left the chair, feeling no uneasiness of any kind, and evidently in a high state of admiration. The pupils were dilated during the state of unconsciousness, and the pulse rose from 130 to 142.

"A girl of sixteen immediately occupied the chair. After coughing a little she inhaled during three minutes, and fell asleep, when a molar tooth was extracted, after which she continued to slumber tranquilly during three minutes more. At the moment when force was applied she flinched and frowned, and raising her hand to her mouth, but she said she had been dreaming a pleasant dream, and knew nothing of the operation.

"Two recent cases serve to confirm, and one I think to decide, the great utility of this process. On Saturday, the 7th November, at the Massachusetts General Hospital, the right leg of a young girl was amputated above the knee, by Dr. Hayward, for disease of the joint. Being made to inhale the preparation, after protesting her inability to do so from the pungency of the vapour, she became insensible in about five minutes. The last circumstance she was able to recall was the adjustment of the mouth-piece of the apparatus, after which she was unconscious until she heard some remark at the time of securing the vessels—one of the last steps of the operation. Of the incision she knew nothing, and was unable to say, upon my asking her, whether or not the limb had been removed. She refused to answer several questions during the operation, and was evidently completely insensible to pain or other external influences. This operation was followed by another, consisting of the removal of a part of the lower jaw by Dr. Warren. The patient was insensible to the pain of the first incision, though she recovered her consciousness in the course of a few minutes.

"The duration of the insensibility is an important element in the process. When the apparatus is withdrawn at the moment of unconsciousness, it continues upon the average two or three minutes, and the patient then recovers completely or incompletely, without subsequent ill effects.

"But if the respiration of the vapour be prolonged much beyond the first period, the symptoms are more permanent in their character. In one of the first cases, that of a young boy, the inhalation was continued during the greater part of ten minutes, and the subsequent narcotism and drowsiness lasted more than an hour. In a case alluded to before, the narcotism was complete more than twenty minutes; the insensibility approached to coma."

P.S. Dec. 22.—Yesterday we had ourselves the satisfaction of seeing this new mode of cheating pain put in practice by a master of chirurgery on our own side of the Atlantic. In the theatre of University College Hospital, Mr. Liston amputated the thigh of a man previously narcotized by inhalation of the ether vapour. Shortly after being placed on the operating table, the patient began to inhale, and became apparently insensible in the course of two or three minutes. The operation was then commenced, and the limb was removed in what seemed to us a marvellously short space of time—certainly less than a minute; the patient remaining, during the incisions, and the tying of the arteries, perfectly still and motionless. While the vessels were being secured, on being spoken to, he roused partially up (still shewing no signs of pain), and answered questions put to him in a slow drowsy manner. He declared to us that no part of the operation had he felt pain, though he seemed to be partially conscious; he had heard some words, and felt that something was being done to his limb. He was not aware, till told, that the limb was off, and, when he knew it, expressed great gratification at having been saved from pain. The man seemed quite awake when removed from the operation-room, and continued so. Everything has since proceeded as usual, and very favourably.

Mr. Liston afterwards performed one of the minor but most painful operations of surgery—the partial removal of the nail in onychia, on a man similarly narcotized, and with precisely the same result. The patient seemed to feel no pain, and, upon rousing up after the operation, declared that he had felt none.

In these cases the ether vapour was administered by means of an ingenious apparatus, extemporaneously contrived by Mr. Squire, of Oxford-street. It consisted of the bottom part of a Nouth's Apparatus, having a glass funnel filled with sponge soaked in pure washed ether, in the upper orifice, and one of Read's flexible inhaling tubes in the lower. As the ether fell through the neck of the funnel, it became vapourized, and the vapour being heavy, descended to the bottom of the vase, and was thence inspired through the flexible tube. No heat was applied to the apparatus, or the ether.

J. F.

#### Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

560. NEXT OF KIN or parties in distribution at the time of the death of CLEMENT LEMAN, late of Hilgrove-street, St. Paul, Gloucester, near Bristol, gent. (died 1810), or their representatives. *Something to advantage.*

561. NEXT OF KIN of MARY FELIX, widow of the Rev. D. Felix, late of Chelsea, who died in Keppel-street, Russell-square, on the 21st of January, 1838. *Something to advantage.*

562. THOMAS REES, mariner, formerly of Temple Bar, in the parish of Amroth, South Wales. *Something to advantage.*
563. NEXT OF KIN OF JOSEPH SCOTT, of Claypath, Durham, veterinary surgeon (died 27th February, 1833).
564. CORNELIUS WARD, late of Brentford. *Something to his advantage.*
565. HEIR-AT-LAW OF JAMES HARRIS, formerly of 2, Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, Middlesex, and afterwards employed for many years in the twopenny post-office in Gerrard-street, Soho (died July 1826), and who had an interest in certain freehold property at Chipping Norton, Oxon. THOMAS ENGLISH HARRIS is supposed to be eldest son and heir-at-law. If dead, his representatives to apply.
566. PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVES OF NEXT OF KIN OF HILL DARLEY, Esq. (supposed to have died in 1817), and who resided, in 1793, at 59, Warren-street, Fitzroy-square.
567. THOMAS MILLER, who, in 1832, was proprietor of the White Hart Inn, Southwark. *Something to advantage.*
568. NEXT OF KIN OF ELIZABETH SARAH NICHOLLS, widow, formerly E. S. Eastland, spinster, who resided at Kentish Town, Middlesex, and, at the time of her death, at Brixton, Surrey. Or their representatives.
569. NEXT OF KIN OF WILLIAM WATKINS, who lived, in 1839, at 3, Aske-terrace, Hoxton.
570. RELATIVES OF MR. GEORGE TRAVERS JOHNSON, who died on his voyage to Australia in 1836.
571. NEXT OF KIN OF CHARLOTTE ATKYNS, formerly of Ketteringham, Norfolk, but afterwards of Paris, deceased. *Something to advantage.*
572. DESCENDANTS OF TIMOTHY ROOTZ, of the parish of St. Michael, Royal, London, Cashier's Office, Bank of England, who died in 1775, leaving a daughter.

(To be continued weekly.)

## BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

### TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Title-page and Index to the Fourth volume will be given next week. The labour of the increased circulation consequent upon the reduced price must be our excuse for the delay.

### TO BOOKSELLER SUBSCRIBERS.

In consequence of the great number of orders and subscriptions received this week, it is impossible to acknowledge each separately by post. The receipt of the paper itself will be an acknowledgment that the enclosure has come to hand, as to-day it is sent only to those who have paid in advance for the ensuing half-year.

Will such Booksellers in the country as are desirous of forwarding the success of the experiment now being made, inform us how we may enclose to them some prospectuses for distribution?

## GOSSIP ABOUT LITERATURE, ART, AND SCIENCE.

THE late Hon. T. GRENVILLE beneficently bequeathed his valuable library to the British Museum. He had previously intended it for his relatives, but motives other than philanthropic induced him to add a codicil, and cancel the bequest. A kind of relentment came over him in his latter hours, hence the cause of the following, which is extracted from his last codicil:—

A great part of my library has been purchased from the profits of a sinecure office given to me by the public, and I feel it to be a debt and a duty that I should acknowledge this obligation by giving that library so acquired to the British Museum, for the use of the public. I do therefore, by this codicil, revoke the bequest contained in my will of my library to my great nephew, Richard Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, for life, with remainder to the senior male descendant of the head of my family as an heir-loom; and I do hereby give and bequeath my library, such as it may be at the time of my death, to the trustees of the British Museum, for the purposes thereof and benefit of the public. But I do not mean hereby to disturb the bequest made by my will to the said duke of such of my letters and papers as my executors may, on examination, consider as worth being added to the large manuscript collection at Stowe.

If all sinecurists complied with the calls of conscience in an equally anxious manner, we should hear less of such inattention and disregard to the claims of the national mind as the authorities of the Museum continually display. Holidays have hitherto been deemed a time for intellectual recreation. According to the *Globe*, the Stile cannot recognise such an opinion as other than a delusion:—

On Saturday morning, long before 10 o'clock, the hour for

opening, a considerable number of persons, a great portion well-dressed artisans, had assembled in the front of the Museum, but were, with nearly 20,000 others who called during the day, doomed to disappointment, as, on applying for admission, they were severally informed that the Museum was "never opened on Saturday." This appeared so astounding and inexplicable, it being generally understood that this institution would be always open on holidays, that crowds during the day assembled in the streets, murmuring at the injustice of exclusion on this perhaps the only holiday in the year.

Out of respect to Laird Campbell's literary reputation as author of the "Lives of the Chancellors," the Senatus Academicus of Edinburgh has unanimously conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.

An anonymous writer in the *Times* has discovered evidence throwing some light on the authorship of Junius's letters. He gives the following extract from "the blank leaf before the title-page of an edition of Junius."

Charles Lloyd, a King's Scholar at Westminster School, was elected to Cambridge (Trinity College) in 1754. A confidential friend of Lord North (Mr. Jamet Wright), who was sent to inquire the particulars of the printer and inspect the MSS. of these letters, informed me that the MS. was written in such large characters that no similitude of hand could be traced in it; but that Lord North, after every inquiry and investigation, was of opinion that the writer was a Mr. Charles Lloyd, a deputy teller of the Exchequer. His reasons for it were, that he was private secretary to Mr. George Grenville when he was at the head of the Treasury, and was afterwards in the same capacity under Lord North; that chymistry was his particular amusement, and that many of his allusions are borrowed from that science; that while there was cessation of these letters in the public prints Mr. Lloyd was at Aix-la-Chapelle, and that they totally ceased at the time of his death.—*Vide The Times*, November 20, 1812. It has often been rumoured that this person was the author of the letters signed "Junius."

The Library of the British Museum is closed for the present. It will not be re-opened until the 7th instant.

No decision is yet come to regarding the Wellington statue. Various sites are suggested. The one at the Horse Guards has been found too insecure. Public opinion is in favour of allowing the statue to remain at Hyde Park, and certainly good sense and economy plead in a similar strain.

The Bishop of Ely has purchased, for a few shillings, an old, dirty picture, which turns out to be a genuine likeness of Shakspeare. It is without the beard, closely resembling the engraving in the folio edition to which were appended Ben Jonson's well-known lines. The painting is on a panel 1 foot 8 inches by 1 foot 3½ inches, and when found was in an old ebony frame. The date and age (1603, ætat. 39), were not discovered till afterwards; these are in the left-hand corner of the picture, at the top, in the same position as they are in the portrait of Cornelius Jansen, dated 1610.

PENSIONS FOR LITERARY SERVICES.—Her Majesty, by a warrant of the 31st October, 1846, has granted a pension of 50*l.* a year to Margaret Turnbull, widow of the late James Turnbull, in consequence of the literary merits of her brother, the late Dr. Leyden; and by another warrant of a like date, a pension of 50*l.* a year to Mrs. Fanny Gurwood, in consequence of the literary merits of her husband, the late Colonel Gurwood.

Government has, we are glad to see, offered a pension of 100*l.* a year to Father Mathew.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- An Ecclesiastical Almanack for 1847; 12mo. 1s. swd.—Azeth, the Egyptians, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bds.
- Bogue's European Library, vol. 15, "Cinq Mars," by Count A. de Vigny, translated by Wm. Hazlitt, post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Briffault's (F. T.) Prisoner of Ham; Captivity and Escape of Prince Louis Napoleon, post 8vo. 12s. cl.
- Clarkson (Thos.) Biographical Sketch of, by Taylor, 2nd edition, with continuation by Stebbing, 12mo. 3s. cl.—Coins of England (The), printed in Gold, Silver, and Copper, 24 plates, cr. 8vo. 18s. patent vellum binding.
- Evans's (Rev. R. W.) Ministry of the Body, fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Examination Questions and Answers from Burnett, on 39 articles, 2nd edition, fcap. 1s. 6d. cl.
- Featherstonhaugh's (G. W.) Canoe Voyage up the Minnay Sotor, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. cl.
- Ingoldsby Legends, the 3rd and last series, with Portrait and Memoir of the Author, and Illustrations by Leech and Cruikshank, cr. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
- Little Book of Christmas Carols, with the ancient Melodies, collected by Rimbault, sm. 4to. 4s. cl. gilt.



M'Dougal's (D.) Complete System of Bookkeeping, 2nd edition, 4to. 3s. swd.—Miller's (Thos.) Poetical Language of Flowers, or the Pilgrimage of Love, 12 col. plates, by Andrews, fcap. 8vo. 10s. 6d. silk, 12s. mre.—Martin's (W.) Encyclopædia of Every Day Knowledge for the Young, 16mo, 3s. cl.  
Nursery Rhymes, with the Tunes to which they are Sung, collected by Rimbault, sm. 4to. 3s. cl. gilt.  
Oliver's (Geo. n.n.) Monasticon Diocesis Exoniensis, fol. 4l. cl.  
Posthumous and other Poems, by Charlotte Elizabeth, fe. 8vo. 5s. cl.—Practical Mechanic (The) and Engineers Magazine, Vol. V, with plates, 4to. 10s. 6d. cl.—Progressive Geography for Children, by the Author of Stories from the History of England, 4th edition revised, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Puss in Boots and the Marquis of Carabas, 12 Illustrations by Otto Spector; new edition, square 16mo. 5s. swd.—Punch, or the London Charivari, Vol. XI. 4to. 8s. cl.  
Quin's Historical Atlas, new edition, greatly improved, oblong 4to. 3l. 3s. half russ.  
Rankin's (Dr.) Half-Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences, Vol. IV. post 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.—Robinson's (James) The Whole Art of Pickling, Curing, and Smoking Meat and Fish, fe. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.  
Smith's (Joseph A.) Productive Farming, 4th edition, 12mo. 2s. swd.  
Trench's (Rev. R. C.) Hulsean Lectures, "Christ the Desire of all Nations," &c. 8vo. 5s. bds.  
Waddell's (Thomas) Offices of Prayer, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Waifs and Stray (Poems), fe. 8vo. 1s. 6d. swd.—Winslow's (Rev. O.) Glimpses of the Truth as it is in Jesus, fcap. 8vo. 5s. cl.—Worsley's (Rev. Thomas) Province of the Intellect in Religion, Book II. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Whiting's (Sidney) Literary Mélange, Prose and Verse, 2 vols. post 8vo. 15s. cl.

### BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of THE CRITIC, stating prices.

The Statutes at Large from 31 Geo. 2 up to 57 Geo. 3, both inclusive, folio or imperial 8vo. edit.  
The 5 & 6 Wm. 4, imp. 8vo. edit.  
The 3rd Vol. of Bythewood's Conveyancing, belonging to the edition of 1832.  
Ware's Annals. Second-hand.  
Burn's Ecclesiastical History. Ditto.

### To Readers and Correspondents.

We cannot insert, or notice in any way, any communication that is sent to us anonymously; but those who choose to address us in confidence will find their confidence respected. NEITHER CAN WE UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY MANUSCRIPT WHATSOEVER.

"A. W. G."—"Whately's Logic" is the best for a student. The most useful language in India, next to English and the native, is French.  
"NON-WRIT."—"We have seen 'The Mysterious Lady' once only. Our impression is that it is a feat of ventriloquism.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

Just published, price 1s. 6d.

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The LAW TIMES SHEET ALMANAC, for 1847, containing a series of Time Tables in Chancery, Common Law, Bankruptcy and other unique matter required for ready reference in the office. Price 2s.; on mill board, 3s.; on canvas, 4s.; with rollers, varnished, 5s. A stamped copy sent free by post to any person enclosing 2s. in penny post stamps.  
LAW TIMES OFFICE, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

Copy of a Letter from COLONEL HAWKER, (the well-known Author on Guns and Shooting.)

Longparish House, near Whitechurch, Hants, October 21st, 1846.  
SIR,—I cannot resist informing you of the extraordinary effect that I have experienced by taking only a few of your LOZENGES. I had a cough, for several weeks, that defied all that had been prescribed for me; and yet I got completely rid of it by taking about half a small box of your Lozenges, which I find are the only ones that relieve the cough without deranging the stomach or digestive organs.  
I am, Sir, your humble servant,  
To Mr. Keating, &c. 79, St. Paul's Church-yard. P. HAWKER.

### KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES

Are patronized also by his Majesty the King of Prussia, his Majesty the King of Hanover, and most of the Nobility and Clergy of the United Kingdom, and are especially recommended by the faculty.

Prepared and sold in boxes, 1s. 1½d. and tins, 2s. 9d. 4s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c. No. 79, St. Paul's Church-yard, London, and retail by all druggists and patent medicine vendors in the kingdom.

### CUNDY'S PATENT OPEN FIRE VENTILATING STOVE.

#### TESTIMONIAL AFTER ONE WINTER'S TRIAL.

Letter from the Rev. Matthew O'Brien (Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy), M.A. F.R.S. &c. King's College.

Upper Norwood, June 22.  
I beg to certify that one of Mr. Cundy's Patent Stoves was put up in my lecture-room at King's College, last year, in place of a common stove (of Arnott's construction, I believe). I have no hesitation in saying, from actual experience, that Mr. Cundy's stove is far superior both in producing warmth over the whole room, and in promoting ventilation, without disagreeable current of air or close smell. MATTHEW O'BRIEN.  
The stoves to be had of Messrs. DOWSON, 69, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, where they may be seen in operation.

52, Fleet-street.

### A NEW DISCOVERY IN TEETH.—MR.

HOWARD, Surgeon-Dentist, 52, Fleet-street, has introduced an entirely NEW DESCRIPTION OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH, fixed without spring, wires, or ligatures. They so perfectly resemble the natural teeth as not to be distinguished from the originals by the closest observer; they will NEVER CHANGE COLOUR or DECAY, and will be found very superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots, or any painful operation, and will give support, and preserve teeth that are loose, and is guaranteed to restore articulation and mastication; and that Mr. Howard's improvement may be within reach of the most economical, he has fixed his charges to the lowest scale possible. Decayed teeth rendered sound and useful in mastication.—52, Fleet-street. At home from Ten till Five.

### ACCEPTABLE PRESENTS.—The present season

is hallowed by one of the most delightful offices of Friendship and Affection; the interchange of Gifts as remembrances of the donors, and tokens of their esteem for the receivers. The most appropriate present becomes the first subject of consideration—a merely useful one can afford no evidence of taste; while a present possessing no claims to utility, shows a want of judgment. To combine these requisites, a more fitting souvenir cannot be suggested than

#### ROWLAND'S TOILET ARTICLES,

THE  
"MACASSAR OIL," "KALYDOR" & "ODONTO,"  
each of infallible attributes. In creating and sustaining luxuriant silken tresses, ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL is highly and universally appreciated; ROWLAND'S KALYDOR is a preparation of unparalleled efficacy in improving and beautifying the Skin and Complexion; and ROWLAND'S ODONTO, or PEARL DENTIFRICE, is invaluable for its beautifying and preservative effects on the Teeth and Gums.

The august patronage conceded by our Gracious Queen, the Royal Family, and the several Sovereigns and Courts of Europe, together with the confirmation by experience of the infallible efficacy of these creative and renovating specifics, have characterised them with perfection, and given them a celebrity unparalleled.

#### Beware of SPURIOUS IMITATIONS—

Some are offered under the implied sanction of Royalty, and the Government departments, with similar attempts at deception. The only genuine "MACASSAR OIL," "KALYDOR," and "ODONTO," are "ROWLAND'S," and the wrapper of each bears the name of "ROWLAND'S," preceding that of the article, with their Signature at the foot, in Red Ink, thus—

#### A. ROWLAND & SON.

Sold by them at 20, Hatton Garden, London, and by every respectable Chemist and Perfumer throughout the Kingdom.

### ASTONISHING EFFICACY OF HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

The Testimony of a Clergyman vouching to Eleven Cases of Cures by these wonderful Pills.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. George Prior, Curate of Mervagh, Letterkenny, Carrigart, Ireland, 10th of January, 1846:—To Professor Holloway. "Sir,—I send you a crude list of eleven cases, all cured by the use of your Pills. I cannot exactly give you a professional name to the various complaints, but this I know, some of them baffled the skill of Derry and this county." In a previous letter this gentleman stated as follows:—"Within a short distance of my house resides a small farmer, who for more than twenty years has been in a bad state of health. Mrs. Prior gave him a box of the Pills, which did him so much good that I heard him say for twenty years past he never ate his food or enjoyed it so much as since taking your Pills."

The above reverend and pious gentleman purchased some pounds worth of the pills for the benefit of his poor parishioners.

The Earl of Aldborough cured of a Liver and Stomach Complaint.

Extract of a Letter from the Earl of Aldborough, dated Villa Messina, Leghorn, 21st February, 1845:—To Professor Holloway. "Sir,—Various circumstances prevented the possibility of my thanking you before this time for your politeness in sending me your Pills as you did. I now take this opportunity of sending you an order for the amount, and at the same time to add, that your Pills have effected a cure of a disorder in my liver and stomach, which all the most eminent of the faculty at home, and all over the continent, had not been able to effect; nay, not even the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad! I wish to have another box and a pot of the ointment, in case any of my family should ever require either."

"Your most obliged and obedient servant,  
(Signed) "ALDBOROUGH."

Sold at the establishment of Professor Holloway, 244, Strand, near Temple-bar, London, and by most respectable druggists and dealers in medicines throughout the civilised world, at the following prices:—1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each box.